



DALEKS AMONG US

BY

ALAN BARNES

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

DR ELIZABETH KLEIN / ELIZABETH VOLKENRATH: TRACEY CHILDS
Scientific Adviser – AWOL from UNIT. / Her Nazi ‘mother’.

WILL ARROWSMITH:
(M, e20s) Klein’s callow young assistant.

THE DALEKS/ VARIOUS AUTOMATED VOICES: NICHOLAS BRIGGS
Conquest-obsessed machine-creatures.

DAVROS: TERRY MOLLOY
The Daleks’ evil creator.

KURT SCHALK [previously **HINTERBERGER** in *Persuasion*]:
Nazi inventor of the Persuasion Machine, who swapped identities with his assistant Hinterberger.

RALF KLEIN: (also **WORKMAN**)
(German accent, 120s/e30s) Junior associate of Schalk’s; Elizabeth Klein’s [adoptive] father.

FALKUS: (also **WRAITH #1**)
(M, late teens/e20s) Young scientist working with the Daleks.

QAREN: (also **WRAITH #2**)
(F, late 20s) Police superintendent and Dalek-hunter.

THE SHEPHERD: PAUL CHAHIDI
Demi-god from another universe.

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PART ONE

PRE-TITLE:

1: EXT. BEACH ON MINOS, BY TAVERNA (1945)

REPRISE: FROM *PERSUASION*, SCENE 73:

DOCTOR:

[...] Come on. (FX: OPENING TARDIS DOOR)

WILL:

Wait! – Where are we going?

DOCTOR:

(FROM INSIDE TARDIS) Quick, before the trail goes cold!

KLEIN:

We're going after answers, Will. We're going after Schalk!

FX: THEY ENTER SHIP. DOOR SLAMS. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

BEAT.

FX: ROLLING SEA, OFF. THEN TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) And here we are again.

WILL:

(FOLLOWING) Outside the taverna on Minos!

DOCTOR:

Precisely, Mr Arrowsmith. As close to our moment of departure as I dare.

KLEIN:

(FX: CLOSING DOOR BEHIND) He made a break from the woods, though. Hinterberger.

WILL:

You mean Schalk, don't you, Dr Klein? The real Schalk.

KLEIN:

(CAUGHT OUT, IRRITATED) Of course I mean Schalk.

WILL:

It is rather confusing.

KLEIN:

The point is, the woods are a good kilometre inland. Schalk wouldn't have followed me back to the beach, not after he saw the Khlecht take Sch[alk] – (CORRECTS SELF) – Hinterberger.

DOCTOR:

(AGREEING) No, he wouldn't.

WILL:

So, Schalk's got a head start on us. But this is an island. He'll have to find a boat or a plane if he wants to escape.

DOCTOR:

Or a spaceship.

KLEIN:

What spaceship?

DOCTOR:

The vessel sent by Garundel's employers.

WILL:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

While you, me, Dr Klein and the worst warmongers in the galaxy were otherwise engaged – distracted by Garundel's auction of the man who turned out, in fact, to be Lukas Hinterberger – Garundel's employers were free to snatch Schalk.

KLEIN:

So there are more aliens coming?

DOCTOR:

Oh no, Dr Klein. I think they've already been.

WILL:

What? Really?

DOCTOR:

I think they snatched Schalk from the woods, which is why I couldn't land the TARDIS there.

KLEIN:

Why?

DOCTOR:

For fear that you would run into you, obviously. This is a tangled enough affair as it is, don't you think?

WILL:

But who were they? These other aliens?

DOCTOR:

That's where you come in, Mr Arrowsmith. You can help me carry out a little test.

WILL:

Can I? Really?

KLEIN:

Try not to look so revoltingly keen. You're like a puppy panting for a chocolate drop.

WILL:

What do you want me to do? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

First, take my umbrella -

WILL:

(TAKING IT) Umbrella, right -

DOCTOR:

You'll need to open it, though.

WILL:

Oh, right. (FX: OPENS UMBRELLA) To, er, shade you from the sun?

KLEIN:

Seeing as I'm redundant, I'm going for a drink. (WALKS TO TAVERNA)

WILL:

Dr Klein, don't [go]

DOCTOR:

Hold it still, please. Now - I had the foresight to bring with me a small pot of iron filings. (UNDOING LID OF POT, SPRINKLING CONTENTS IN THE AIR - 'TWINKLING' MUSIC?) Which, when sprinkled in the shadow cast by the umbrella, should react to the presence of particulates discharged into the local atmosphere by an interstellar drive.

WILL:

They're twinkling! They're glowing green!

DOCTOR:

... indicating artron propulsion. Crude time technology. That narrows the field, rather.

WILL:

So we follow the artron trail, in the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Don't be absurd. A good gust of wind – (BLOWS INTO AIR) – and it's gone.

WILL:

So we're no nearer finding Schalk?

DOCTOR:

Not unless his kidnappers left us some other clue to their identity.

WILL:

What, like footprints?

DOCTOR:

(SNORTS) Footprints! Oh, Mr Arrowsmith – you do have a lot to learn.

WILL:

(FX: LOWERS UMBRELLA) Sorry. I only thought – well, seeing as there's that funny trail running from the sea to the taverna...

DOCTOR:

Trail?

WILL:

All along the sand, see, like a hovercraft pattern, only not as wide? Like something say a metre wide came hovering across the beach, and... (REALISATION DAWNING) ... went into the [taverna]

DOCTOR:

... went into the taverna. Klein!

CROSS TO:

2: INT. TAVERNA

FX: FROM OUTSIDE, WE HEAR WILL AND THE DOCTOR RUNNING UP ONTO WOODEN BOARDS OUTSIDE TAVERNA.

WILL:

(RUNNING UP) Dr Klein! Dr Klein!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING UP) Elizabeth! It isn't safe!

FX: WHAM! WILL BARGES OPEN DOOR AND RUSHES IN, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR.

WILL:

Dr Klein! – Sorry, we had to warn you. We think that something came in here.

KLEIN:

(AT BAR) Something that hovers? Something about a metre wide?

DOCTOR:

Ah, then you observed the trail, too!

KLEIN:

I didn't have to. It was already here.

DALEK:

(FX: HOVERING FORWARD FROM OFF) Do not move! Do not move! You are my prisoners!

WILL:

Doctor. Is that – is that what I think it is?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

WILL:

Wow. I mean – wow!

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

3: INT. TAVERNA [CONTINUED]

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Dalek – no, I will not move. Yes, I am your prisoner.

WILL:

I've seen the old films – you know, from Shoreditch, and from Auderly House. But this, this is real.

DALEK:

Silence, or you will be exterminated!!!

WILL:

Silence, yes, sorry. (SOTTO) Wow!

DOCTOR:

What are you doing here, Dalek?

KLEIN:

What do you want with Kurt Schalk?

DALEK:

Dalek prisoners will not interrogate Daleks!

DOCTOR:

The very idea.

DALEK:

(TO KLEIN) Human female – what do you know of Kurt Schalk?

KLEIN:

Not as much as he does. (SIPS DRINK) The Doctor.

DALEK:

(SWIVELLING) Doc-tor?!

DOCTOR:

(TAKEN ABACK) Elizabeth-?!

KLEIN:

(MOCK-SLURRED) The Doctor? (FX: GETTING UP OFF BARSTOOL, SAUNTERING OVER TO DALEK THROUGH:) Check your records, Dalek. That's him, right there, in the hat. Look, there's his bolice pox outside. [SIC]

DALEK:

It is! It is the Doctor!!!

KLEIN:

I told you so, you stupid machine – (THEN FAKE-STAGGERS, SPLASHING DALEK WITH DRINK) Oops, sorry. Didn't mean to splash your stick-gun. Gun-stick. Thing.

DALEK:

You are inebriated!

KLEIN:

Rubbish, I've only had the one. (SIPPING DRINK) Mr Arrowsmith! Remind me – what're the Dalek standing orders, should they encounter the Doctor in the field?

WILL:

Dr Klein, what are you doing?

DALEK:

(ANSWERING KLEIN) Exterminate him!!!

KLEIN:

Externimate him, exactly! Hadn't you better get on with it?

DALEK:

Stand aside!

KLEIN:

Golly, yes. Wouldn't want to get in the way of your shot.

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth, this is a dangerous game you're playing.

KLEIN:

Oh, I'm sure Mr Dalek here will be happy to let me and Will go, once you've been ext- shot. Isn't that right, Mr Dalek?

DALEK:

Silence!!! Doctor. You are an enemy of the Dalek race. You must be exterminated.

WILL:

(SHOVING DOCTOR ASIDE) No!

DALEK:

(SWIVELLING TO FOLLOW) Exterminate!!!

FX: DALEK GUN-STICK FIRES – LIGHTING THE ALCOHOL KLEIN SPLASHED OVER IT. WHOMP! IT GOES UP IN FLAMES. WILD SHOT SIZZLES PAST DOCTOR AND WILL, HITTING THE WALL.

DALEK:

(SCREECHES) Eiiiiiiiiiii! Alert! Alert! I am burning!

KLEIN:

Well, if you will start shooting once I've splashed you in ouzo...

WILL:

Flaming Sambuca!

DOCTOR:

Language, Mr Arrowsmith.

FX: DALEK BEGINS FIRING RANDOMLY. BOTTLES EXPLODE, FANNING FLAMES.

DALEK:

(SWIVELLING FRANTICALLY) My casing is alright!!! I am burning!!!

KLEIN:

Now the bar's alright. Let's get out of here, shall we?

WILL:

Second that!

DOCTOR:

Quickly!!!

FX: AS THEY PILE OUT OF THE TAVERNA:

DALEK:

You may not leave! You will all be exterminated! Exterminate!!!

FX: FIRES AGAIN. MORE BOTTLES EXPLODE.

DALEK:

Burning! Burning! I am burn[ing]

CROSS TO:

4: EXT. BEACH ON MINOS, BY TAVERNA

FX: KLEIN, WILL AND DOCTOR RUNNING ONTO SAND.

KLEIN:

(DIVING TO GROUND) Down, both of you-!

FX: AS WILL AND DOCTOR DIVE — THE TAVERNA EXPLODES. HUGE FIREBALL.

BEAT.

KLEIN:

(RAISING HEAD) Cheers, Dalek. Mud in your eyestalk.

DOCTOR:

Standard procedure, of course, to leave a rear guard behind.

WILL:

What, to make sure no-one could pick up their trail?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Oh, but this is disastrous!

KLEIN:

'Thank you'? Would be nice?

WILL:

That was a very well-executed plan, Dr Klein. Brilliant, in fact.

KLEIN:

It was, wasn't it?

DOCTOR:

Self-congratulation can wait! If the Daleks have Schalk, they're halfway to building a Persuasion Machine of their own. And if you thought the world being made to think Nazi was bad enough...

WILL:

So where's Schalk now?

KLEIN:

Where will they have taken him?

DOCTOR:

Right now... I haven't the faintest idea.

4: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [ONE YEAR AGO]

FX: REVERSE ECHO, TO SUGGEST FLASHBACK? THEN INTO: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

(STRAPPED DOWN, STRAINING AGAINST RESTRAINTS) Please, I have told you! One thousand times I have told you...!

BLACK DALEK:

Your name. Tell us your name.

SCHALK:

Hinterberger! My name is Lukas Hinterberger!

BLACK DALEK:

No. Your name is Kurt Schalk. Confirm your identity, or you will suffer more pain.

SCHALK:

How can I tell you I am someone I am not?!

BLACK DALEK:

(SWIVELLING EYESTALK) Electrify him again.

DALEK:

I obey.

SCHALK:

Please, I have tried to co-opera[te]

FX: THROBBING BURST OF ELECTRICITY.

SCHALK:

(SCREAMS)

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, DOORS SLIDE UPON, OFF.

FALKUS:

(RUSHING IN) Oh no, no, no! Cease this crude coercion!

FX: ELECTRICITY CUTS OFF.

SCHALK:

(SOBS)

BLACK DALEK:

Falkus. Interrogation of prisoner Schalk is not your concern.

FALKUS:

No, Black Dalek, but his mind is! Such blunt techniques might cause irretrievable damage to the prisoner's sanity!

SCHALK:

Thank you, young Herr. Thank you. How long has it been since I last saw a kindly face? Or anything like a face at all?

FALKUS:

(TO BLACK DALEK) The prisoner is not pretending. His consciousness has retreated inside the 'Hinterberger' identity. Perhaps this was not just caused by the Persuasion Machine. Perhaps, even, this is the influence of the Persuasion Machine, seeking to protect its secrets.

SCHALK:

(TO BLACK DALEK) You see? There is nothing to be done, *Schwarze* Dalek. Release me or kill me, either would be a blessing.

FALKUS:

I did not say that nothing could be done...

SCHALK:

W-what?

BLACK DALEK:

Falkus? What do you propose?

FALKUS:

Surgery, of course. If the part of the prisoner's brain that insists he is Hinterberger will not willingly recede – why, we'll have to cut it out.

SCHALK:

No! Please! This is monstrous!

FALKUS:

I have already had a team of Daleks fitted with the appropriate... tools. With your permission, Black Dalek?

BLACK DALEK:

Agreed!

SCHALK:

No! No!

FALKUS:

(CALLING OFF) Enter!

FX: 3 x DALEKS GLIDE IN, WHIRRING SAWS ON THEIR SUCKER ARMS...

FALKUS:

Do not be afraid, Herr Schalk. You will soon be your... old self again.

SCHALK:

Nooooo-!!!

FX: FADE OUT ON WHIRRING SAWS.

6: EXT. PLANET OF MISTS

FX: FADE UP EERIE, SWIRLING, 'WHISPERY' AMBIENCE. DOCTOR WALKS TO A HALT — SLIGHT CRUNCHINESS TO SURFACE, HE'S WALKING ON GROUND BONES.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING ALL AROUND) Wraiths of Lemuria! I desire an audience!

(BEAT — NO ANSWER)

(TRIES AGAIN) Please, spare me the slow entrance, I don't need to be spooked. (MORE TO SELF) Besides, I don't have the time.

FX: WHISPERS REVERSE-ECHO 'COALESCE' INTO TWO EERIE, SSSLIGHTLY SSSIBILANT VOICES.

WRAITH #1:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Time Lord. Doctor.

WRAITH #2:

(DITTO) What is it you want here, Time Lord Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I wish to consult your database. Your Book of All Ills.

WRAITH #1:

Do you know what that costs?

WRAITH #2:

Do you know how we need to be paid?

DOCTOR:

I'm standing in a desert of ground bones. I have some idea.

7: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: STATIONARY TARDIS.

WILL:

(SITTING, READING – SNORTS LOUDLY) You should read this piece about tachyons, Dr Klein. It's really very funny.

FX: TURNS PAGE OF BOOK.

KLEIN:

(BY CONSOLE) How long has he been now?

WILL:

Twenty-six – no, twenty-seven minutes exactly. You should have read something, like he said. Look, he's got all of next year's volume of *New Scientist* in his library. It's like the dentist's waiting room you'd never want to leave.

KLEIN:

I've had enough of this. I'm going out after him.

FX: ACTIVATES DOOR CONTROL. SWIRLING MISTS OUTSIDE.

WILL:

Half-an-hour, he said he'd be. And we weren't to leave the TARDIS without him, in case we got lost in the mist.

KLEIN:

(WALKING OUT) I will not be kept in detention, like a schoolgirl caught with an errant hemline!

WILL:

(CALLING AFTER) Take your shoes off at least, it seemed to be important! (FX: TURNS PAGE AGAIN) (TO SELF, MILDLY) Oh, she'll be in so much trouble with the head..

8: EXT. PLANET OF MISTS

FX: AS BEFORE.

WRAITH #2:

The planet Azimuth, Time Lord Doctor.

WRAITH #1:

There is the one you seek.

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISED) Azimuth?! – That's... unexpected.

FX: PAGES OF HUGE BOOK SLAMMED TOGETHER.

WRAITH #2:

You are now in our debt, Time Lord Doctor.

WRAITH #1:

Do not forget: the fee must soon be paid.

DOCTOR:

And I thank you, Lemurians, for your terms of credit. Now – if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment to keep with a certain Mr – [Schalk].

KLEIN:

(OFF, BUT APPROACHING) Doctor? Is that you? Doctor!

WRAITH #2:

Who is this who approaches?

DOCTOR:

Just an associate of mine. Elizabeth – I told you to stay in the TARDIS.

WRAITH #1:

Elizabeth...

KLEIN:

What are these creatures? They seem... insubstantial.

DOCTOR:

Substantially so, yes.

KLEIN:

What are you doing, meeting with ghosts?

DOCTOR:

(TO WRAITHS) Our business here is concluded. (HISSED TO KLEIN) Back to the TARDIS, now!

FX: AS THE DOCTOR AND KLEIN RUSH AWAY...

WRAITH #1:

(CALLING AFTER) Remember, Time Lord Doctor, there will be a reckoning...!

(BEAT)

WRAITH #2:

This 'Elizabeth' ...

WRAITH #1:

Yes. She reeked of familial corruption.

WRAITH #2:

Brother... would the Time Lord Doctor cheat us...?!

9: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: DOORS OPEN. DOCTOR BOWLS IN, FOLLOWED BY KLEIN.

WILL:

(STANDING TO ATTENTION) You're back! Both of you!

KLEIN:

Indeed.

DOCTOR:

(BOUNDING TO CONSOLE) And don't think I've not noticed you've been reading next year's *New Scientists*, Mr Arrowsmith.

WILL:

(CHASTENED) Was that wrong?

DOCTOR:

It's cheating.

FX: CLOSES DOORS. BUTTON-PRESSING, SWITCH-FLICKING THROUGH:

KLEIN:

Doctor – who were those creatures? What were you up to out there?

DOCTOR:

Cheating, of course. Now: Archetryx, Aridius, Atrios... Azimuth!

FX: DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

WILL:

What's on Azimuth?

KLEIN:

Kurt Schalk, I presume.

DOCTOR:

Specifically – a man whose DNA profile matches Kurt Schalk's exactly.

KLEIN:

And you got that information from ghosts?

DOCTOR:

Not ghosts, Wraiths. The Wraiths of Lemuria. Think of them as spectral vigilantes.

WILL:

Whenever you two speak, I get the feeling I need footnotes.

DOCTOR:

The Wraiths of Lemuria. Surviving remnants of a species so obsessed with criminal wrongdoing that they decided to build the largest database of lawbreakers' DNA in the universe.

WILL:

Well, obviously.

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately, it took them so long to put their gazillion-name database together, that by the time their Book of All Ills was complete...

KLEIN:

Let me guess: everyone in it was centuries dead.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Rather than acknowledge that they'd wasted their entire existence compiling something inherently useless, the Lemurians decided instead to prosecute the living descendants of those named in their Book.

WILL:

That hardly seems fair!

DOCTOR:

More to the point, since the number of descendants multiplies down the generations, it made virtually everyone guilty of a capital crime.

KLEIN:

Hence the deserts of bone dust on their planet.

DOCTOR:

What remains of the Lemurians' essence is little more than a psychic rage, the echo of the howl of the lynch mob.

WILL:

But if these Wraiths are so insubstantial, surely they can't do anyone harm?

DOCTOR:

They could haunt you, Mr Arrowsmith.

KLEIN:

(HOW ABSURD!) Haunt you!

DOCTOR:

Dig into your psyche, whispering your guilt, waking or sleeping... and haunt you to death.

WILL:

Doctor, were your ancestors innocent?

DOCTOR:

No-one is innocent. (ROUNDING ON KLEIN) Which is why, Elizabeth, I told you to remain in the TARDIS!

KLEIN:

I... forgive me, Doctor. I needed to know.

WILL:

(BLITHELY) They'll put that on your gravestone, Dr Klein.

KLEIN:

(SHARPLY) You said that out loud, Mr Arrowsmith.

WILL:

(SHEEPISH) Gosh, I did, didn't I?

10: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [NINE MONTHS AGO]

FX: REVERSE ECHO, TO SUGGEST FLASHBACK? THEN INTO: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

BLACK DALEK:

Speak!

SCHALK:

Schalk. My name is Kurt Schalk. Of that I am certain.

FALKUS:

You see, Black Dalek? Three months have passed, but as you see – progress.

BLACK DALEK:

The human named Schalk – you will surrender the schematics for the Persuasion device. (BEAT) Now!!!

SCHALK:

My name is Kurt Schalk. *Hauptsturmführer* Schalk of the *Schutzstaffel* – party number one-eight-five, zero-six-nine! And I submit these materials to a superior officer only!

BLACK DALEK:

Surrender the schematics, or you will be exterminated!

DALEKS x 3:

(A GREEK CHORUS, TO ONE SIDE) Exterminated!!!

SCHALK:

Then put me on the train to your *Vernichtungslager*, your death camp! I give you nothing, *Schwarze* Dalek!

BLACK DALEK:

Falkus. Explain!!!

FALKUS:

You heard the *Hauptsturmführer*. It seems there is no inducement the Daleks can offer, to make him accede.

SCHALK:

Ach, I could have betrayed the Reich for an American honey, an English rose, even a big-hipped Russian doll... but break faith with my Führer for you croak-voiced Cyclopes? I would sooner die!

BLACK DALEK:

Then the Daleks will cut the blueprints from your brain!

FALKUS:

Inadvisable, Black Dalek. Data corruption would be... inevitable.

SCHALK:

(TRIUMPHANT) Ha!

BLACK DALEK:

There is no alternative!

FALKUS:

Oh, but I do have another strategy in mind. One with a far greater probability of success.

BLACK DALEK:

Then proceed!!!

DALEKS x 3:

Proceed! Proceed! Proceed!!!

11: EXT. MONUMENT PLAZA

FX: GENTLE HUM OF HOVERCARS ZIPPING BETWEEN BUILDINGS. WE'RE IN A WIDE, URBAN, WELL-ORDERED BUT STRANGELY QUIET ENVIRONMENT. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

KLEIN:

This is it? This is Azimuth?

WILL:

(SURPRISED) Oh! It's very, um...

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) Very what, Mr Arrowsmith?

WILL:

... empty, I suppose. Like Canary Wharf on a Sunday.

KLEIN:

(FX: WALKING OFF A FEW STEPS) There's a map over here. A grid of the city, I think. Only it doesn't say where we are.

MAP VOICE:

You are in Monument Plaza.

KLEIN:

(STARTLED) Oh! – (BEAT) Monument? I don't see a monument.

DOCTOR:

Behind you.

WILL:

It's a statue. Well, statuette. (FX: WALKS OVER, OTHERS FOLLOW) A naked girl with – is that a baseball bat?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

WILL:

She seems – I don't know, familiar.

KLEIN:

(TEASING) Does she, Will?

WILL:

(BLUSHING) I don't mean her body. Her face. I've seen it somewhere before. (BEAT) There's an inscription at the bot[trom] – base, I mean.

KLEIN:

Was that her name? 'Liberty'?

DOCTOR:

A liberty is what she'd have called it.

WILL:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

She wasn't naked, at the time of the Liberation. All those years ago...

KLEIN:

(REALISATION) Of course! That's who she is!

WILL:

(BAFFLED) Who-?

KLEIN:

The films, from Shoreditch, taken by the Counter-Measures mob – that's where you've seen her before!

WILL:

(RECOGNITION) Oh, yes-!

KLEIN:

Doctor, she was your companion!

DOCTOR:

Ace was her name. Twenty years ago this plaza was a burial pit, and this perfumed air smelled only of putrefaction.

WILL:

You've been here before.

DOCTOR:

It was Azimuth's misfortune to be positioned as a perfect staging point between two solar systems – the one the invaders came from, and the one they were invading.

WILL:

I see.

DOCTOR:

The aliens enslaved the colonists, used them to service their fleet. But with blood and ingenuity and the strategic application of a baseball bat, they were eventually defeated.

KLEIN:

This would have been another of your... interventions, I take it?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (BITTERLY) How soon they forget.

WILL:

Well, at least they built a statue. (WORRIED) Do people often build naked statues of your companions?

KLEIN:

(SARCASTIC) Oh yes. I'm sure it happens all the time.

WILL:

(REALLY WORRIED NOW) What, really?

DOCTOR:

Look at this plaza. Perfectly paved, not so much as a weed between the flagstones. The windows of the skyscrapers above, glittering in the sun. (FX: CLATTERS SWINGING METAL LID OF NEARBY BIN) Electronic dustbins – all empty. But the bronze of this statue has turned colour, turned to verdigris.

KLEIN:

Is that chewing gum, on the end of her bat?

DOCTOR:

Most likely. The only object as far as the eye can see that's in anything other than pristine condition... is Ace's statue. Oh yes, they forget alright.

WILL:

Are you sure you're not, well, over-reacting?

DOCTOR:

(ALOUD, CALLING OUT) Citizens of Azimuth! Don't you remember? Don't you care? Don't you recall... the Daleks?!?

FX: THE WORD ECHOES ALL AROUND THE PLAZA. BEAT. SUDDENLY:

MAP VOICE:

(HARSHER NOW) Stay where you are!

WILL:

Was that the map?

BIN VOICE:

(SIMILAR TO MAP, BUT MALE) Unknown citizens, stay where you are!

KLEIN:

And that was the bin.

TANNOY VOICE:

(FX: SAME AS MAP VOICE, BUT ECHOING FROM BUILDINGS ALL AROUND) The police have been called. Stay where you are!

WILL:

(ALARMED) Police-?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING INTO AIR) What, just because I said 'Daleks'?

KLEIN:

I assume getting arrested was part of your plan?

DOCTOR:

No, in fact. Getting to grid reference 4AA was the plan.

MAP VOICE:

Grid number 4AA. Correctional Facility.

KLEIN:

A prison! So you did want to get arrested?

DOCTOR:

No, I wanted to visit. Actually being incarcerated would be most unhelpful.

TANNOY VOICE:

Police response time currently standing at thirty-five seconds. Thank you for your patience.

WILL:

Hadn't we better run away or something?

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING AT MAP) Underground. There's an underground railway, based on the old Dalek mine workings. Which means there should be the entrance to a station...

KLEIN:

There! In the corner of the plaza!

FX: AS A HOVERING VEHICLE BEGINS TO DESCEND TOWARDS THEM...

TANNOY VOICE:

Police are now in attendance. Thank you for your patience.

DOCTOR:

Run!

FX: THEY RUN. CROSS TO:

12: INT. STATION ENTRANCE

FX: DOCTOR, KLEIN AND WILL RUNNING IN FROM OUTSIDE.

KLEIN:

(RUNNING TO STOP) Surely this is futile...!

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) The Dalek mines were more extensive than was shown on the map. If we can just get to the tunnels..

WILL:

(BREATHLESS) What, we can go underground?

DOCTOR:

Exactly!

FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRR — THE DOCTOR OPERATING ON TICKET BARRIER. SIMULTANEOUSLY, 3 x JACKBOOTED POLICEMEN RUNNING UP OUTSIDE — ABOUT 100 YARDS AWAY, BUT APPROACHING FAST THROUGH:

TICKET BARRIER VOICE:

Interference with ticket barriers is against local bye-laws!

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, there's a policeman coming...

WILL:

(LOOKING BEHIND) Several rather large policemen, in fact.

FX: FUSING OF TICKET BARRIER. SONIC SCREWDRIVER OFF.

DOCTOR:

That's the barrier dealt with. (GOES THROUGH BARRIER)

KLEIN:

(PASSING BARRIER) Come on, Will-!

WILL:

(ANXIOUS) We're not *fare-dodging*, are [we?]

FX: WILL WALKS INTO BARRIER — WHICH CLUNKS SHUT, BLOCKING HIM.

TICKET BARRIER VOICE:

Exit only! Exit only!

WILL:

I thought you'd screwdrivered this thing, Doctor...!

DOCTOR:

The entrance barrier, yes!

KLEIN:

(TO WILL) You're trying to go through the exit, you idiot!

FX: CHUNK! FROM BARRIER.

TICKET BARRIER VOICE:

Unauthorised obstruction. Please wait for an attendant.

WILL:

(STRUGGLING) Now I've got my foot stuck in it...! Oh, why is it always me?

KLEIN:

Good question!

WILL:

Too late anyway, with the police coming. You two'd better peg it.

DOCTOR:

Are you sure, Mr Arrowsmith?

WILL:

I'll make out I'm just some dim-witted tourist. Which, let's face, it, is the truth, pretty much. Now go! Go!!!

DOCTOR:

Against my better judgement...

FX: DOCTOR AND KLEIN RUN OFF AS 3 x POLICE RUN TO HALT BESIDE WILL.

WILL:

Officers! You, er, speakee Inglese?

13: INT. COMMS STATION

FX: SQUEAKY FAST-REWIND EFFECT, AS OVER A MONITOR.

QAREN:

Stop. (FX: REWIND STOPS) Play.

FX: A FRAGMENT OF SCENE 11 PLAYED OVER MONITOR:

DOCTOR:

~~{The aliens enslaved the colonists, used them to service their fleet. But}~~ with blood and ingenuity and the strategic application of a baseball bat, they were eventually defeated.

KLEIN:

This would have been another of your... interventions, I take it?

DOCTOR:

Yes. (BITTERLY) How soon they forget.

QAREN:

Forward.

FX: SQUEAKY FAST-FORWARD EFFECT.

QAREN:

Stop.

FX: REWIND STOPS. PLAY FROM:

DOCTOR:

(ALOUD, CALLING OUT) Citizens of Azimuth! Don't you remember? Don't you care? Don't you recall... [the]

QAREN:

Stop. (FX: STOP) Load to outbox. Open black comms.

FX: CHIRPY 'PROGRAM OPENING' SOUND.

QAREN:

(INTO A MIC) Father. Father. I'm sending you something you should see.

14: INT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY – GATE/CORRIDOR

FX: BUZZER PRESSED. CLICKS FROM SYSTEM.

GATE VOICE:

(AUTOMATED) Please give your credentials.

DOCTOR:

Doctors Smith and Klein. We have an appointment to visit prisoner one-one-eight-seven, oblique stroke X.

KLEIN:

(ASIDE) And when did you arrange that, exactly?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Earlier, of course.

GATE VOICE:

Thank you, Re-Educators Smith and Klein. Your appointment is confirmed. (FX: HEAVY ELECTRONIC DOOR UNLOCKING) Please proceed to interview room three.

DOCTOR:

After you, Dr Klein.

FX: THEY WALK DOWN CORRIDOR.

KLEIN:

(SOTTO) 'Re-Educators'? What's that about?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Behavioural psychology, perhaps? Only 'Re-Educators' have access to this prisoner, I presume.

KLEIN:

(SOTTO) Do you never get tired of working in the dark?

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, SOTTO) I do my best work in the dark. (ALOUD) Here we are. Interview room three.

FX: ANOTHER GATE BUZZES OPEN. FOLLOW THEM THROUGH INTO:

15: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

KLEIN:

Doctor, that's —

DOCTOR:

Prisoner one-one-eight-seven, oblique stroke X. Sit, doctor, sit! The prisoner is safely contained behind a plasteen shield, he can do you no harm.

KLEIN:

I'd rather stand.

FX: DOCTOR PULLS UP CHAIR.

DOCTOR:

(SITS) Suit yourself. (TO PRISONER) Prisoner one-one-eight-seven. Look at us, please.

CLONE SCHALK:

(FX: ALL HIS DIALOGUE BEHIND SHIELD, LIKE GLASS) I have nothing to say to you.

DOCTOR:

That's an interesting accent, Prisoner. Now where on Earth did you pick that up?

(SILENCE)

DOCTOR:

I find that eye contact does help with the process.

CLONE SCHALK:

There is no point to this process. I tell you people what happened, and you tell me I am wrong, and that I must be re-educated. On and on and on it goes, and I am tired now.

DOCTOR:

What if I were to address you by your name? What if I were to call you Schalk? Kurt Schalk? — Look at me, please.

CLONE SCHALK:

No, you are Re-educators. You will trick me into telling my story again, and then you will say it is wrong, and then you will give me treatment. And I told you, I am tired.

KLEIN:

(FX: STEPPING FORWARD, PULLING UP CHAIR) Let me try. (SITTING) Kurt. Please, don't you remember us? Don't you remember me?

CLONE SCHALK:

Everything I remember is wrong!

KLEIN:

Look at me, Kurt. Look at me. Remember.

DOCTOR:

We're here to help.

CLONE SCHALK:

(REMEMBERING) Here... to help...?

DUB IN: FROM 'PERSUASION', SCENE 23:

HINTERBERGER:

*Wait. You. The Fräulein in the shadows. Step forward.
Step forward, I say!*

KLEIN:

I presume you're referring to me.

CLONE SCHALK:

Am I dreaming...?

DUB IN:

HINTERBERGER:

Am I dreaming? Is it really you, returned?

CLONE SCHALK:

No. No, not you. I must not remember-!

16: INT. POLICE CELL

FX: ELECTRONIC DOOR UNBOLTED.

QAREN:

(WALKING IN) Visitor Arrowsmith?

WILL:

Yes, that's me. Hello.

QAREN:

(ALoud) Visitor Arrowsmith. My name is Superintendent Qaren. [PRONOUNCIATION: 'KAA-REN'.] (FORMAL) Having reviewed the evidence from Monument Plaza, I am satisfied that you personally made no public or private reference to Events That Did Not Occur. You are free to go.

WILL:

What, really? Only the other policemen threatened me with something called 're-education', every time I said Da- (DOESN'T GET TO SAY '-LEKS')

QAREN:

(URGENT, SOTTO) Don't say it. You mustn't say it!

WILL:

(SOTTO) What, Da-

QAREN:

(SOTTO) I mean it. They're listening.

WILL:

(SOTTO) Who is?

QAREN:

(SOTTO) Everyone.

WILL:

(SOTTO) I'm afraid I don't understand any of this.

QAREN:

(SOTTO) I can't explain, not here. There's someone who wants to meet you. You and your... associates.

WILL:

(SOTTO) The Doctors, you mean?

QAREN:

(FORMAL) Should you again encounter the individual hitherto unknown to you who made such illicit references, you will of course report their location to this Station of Police.

WILL:

Yes, I'll be... sure to do so.

QAREN:

(SOTTO) There's a hovercar pool two blocks to your right. Meet me there, five minutes.

17: INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

FX: AS BEFORE, ALL CLONE-SCHALK'S DIALOGUE IS BEHIND SHIELD, LIKE GLASS.

DUB IN, FROM 'PERSUASION', SCENE 25:

HINTERBERGER:

Ach, is there nothing you creatures will not stoop to?

CLONE SCHALK:

... Bringing her here, to me to get me to talk?

KLEIN:

You do remember-!

CLONE SCHALK:

There are voices, in my mind. Such strange voices...

DUB IN, FROM CLONE-SCHALK'S MEMORIES:

BLACK DALEK:

You will remember!

DOCTOR:

Dr Klein's voice? Is that whose voice you mean, Schalk?

DUB IN, FROM CLONE-SCHALK'S MEMORIES:

BLACK DALEK:

Remember!!!

CLONE SCHALK:

There are... other voices. Terrible, croaking, alien voices...

KLEIN:

Dalek voices.

CLONE SCHALK:

Can't you hear then-? Don't you see-?! They are among us. Everywhere, among us! There are Daleks among us!!! (LAUGHS MANICALLY THROUGH:)

KLEIN:

At last. Now we're getting somewhere.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid not. Look at his eyes.

KLEIN:

Well, what about them-?

FX: DOCTOR GETS UP, SCRAPING CHAIR.

DOCTOR:

(LOUDLY) I think I've seen enough. Come along, Dr Klein.

KLEIN:

Doctor? Where are you going?

FX: DOOR CLUNKS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) As I thought, the prisoner is a hopeless case. Now, Dr Klein!

FX: SHE FOLLOWS HIM OUT.

CLONE SCHALK:

(LAUGHING) You mustn't tell! You mustn't say! But they are among us! The Daleks are among [us!!!]

FX: DOOR SLAMS CLUNKINGLY SHUT.

18: EXT. HOVERCAR POOL/ INT. HOVERCAR

FX: A HOVERCAR GLIDES TO A HALT BESIDE WILL. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

QAREN:

(IN CAR) Arrowsmith! Visitor Arrowsmith!

WILL:

Oh! There you are, Superintendent –

QAREN:

In, quickly! There's only a narrow window in the grid!

WILL:

(GETTING IN) Window?

FX: AS DOOR GLIDES SHUT:

QAREN:

The surveillance grid, idiot!

WILL:

Hang on, should we be doing this –

FX: THE CAR SHOOTS OFF INTO THE AIR. FLIGHT FX.

WILL:

... waaaah! (BEAT) When you said 'hover', I imagined something rather more graceful.

QAREN:

(DRIVING THROUGHOUT) There's a critical path, past the surveillance scans. That way, we can get you to Father's unseen.

WILL:

It's your father wants to meet me?

QAREN:

No! I mean – 'Father', like a priest.

WILL:

You're taking me to church-?

QAREN:

To his house, in the country. It's not far.

WILL:

A priest wants to talk to me about Da– (STOPS HIMSELF) Sorry, forgot, I'm not supposed to say it.

QAREN:

It's alright, it's safe in here. (GATHERS HERSELF) 'Daleks', yes. (BREATHES OUT) It's so... exciting, saying that to a stranger.

WILL:

What, 'Daleks'?

QAREN:

I know you know about what happened here, twenty years ago.

WILL:

The invasion, yes. My friend the Doctor was there.

QAREN:

I gathered. What you don't understand, Arrowsmith -

WILL:

Will, please. -

QAREN:

What you don't understand, Will, is that for the last three years the invasion didn't happen. By law, it's no longer part of Azimuth's past.

WILL:

What? But you can't just say something didn't happen, if it did-!

QAREN:

You don't get it. When the Daleks invaded, they... they made people work for them.

WILL:

Yes, as slaves. The Doctor said.

QAREN:

Not just as slaves. As collaborators and informants, willing to do whatever they had to just to survive. Willing to murder, and worse.

WILL:

Right, gosh.

QAREN:

After the war, this world became ungovernable, riven by recriminations. Neighbour turned on neighbour. Ethnic group turned on ethnic group. There was violence. Terrible, bloody, violence...

WILL:

It must have been awful.

QAREN:

Long after the Daleks were defeated, the city below was a warzone. It seemed like Azimuth would destroy itself. Until, one day, someone wondered: what if we just forgot? What if we made it illegal to remember?

19: EXT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY – GATE

FX: GATE CLUNKS SHUT.

GATE VOICE:

Thank you for visiting this facility.

FX: DOCTOR AND KLEIN WALKING THROUGH:

KLEIN:

What are you playing at, Doctor? Schalk was just beginning to open up. He was telling us about the –

DOCTOR:

(CUTTING IN) Elizabeth! Haven't you worked it out yet? (SOTTO) This is a society in deep denial of its past. Just saying that one little word starting with 'D' is enough to get you locked up and 're-educated'.

KLEIN:

Of course! That's why the police came after us!

DOCTOR:

They have eyes and ears everywhere, I think. We'd better find out what's happened to Mr Arrowsmith, before he digs himself into a deeper hole than he undoubtedly has already.

KLEIN:

And then what? You won't get another chance to talk to Schalk.

DOCTOR:

That wasn't Kurt Schalk, Elizabeth.

KLEIN:

Oh, come on. Everything he said. Everything he remembered –

DOCTOR:

Partially remembered. (STOPS; LIKEWISE KLEIN) But whoever – whatever – that person was, his eyes were blue. Not brown, like the real Kurt Schalk's. Blue. How do you account for that, Dr Klein?

KLEIN:

I – I'm not sure.

DOCTOR:

It's a quirk of cloning technology. Specifically, a quirk of (HUSHED) the Dees' duplication technology. The eyes never go quite right.

KLEIN:

The (HUSHED) Dees copied Schalk?

DOCTOR:

Undoubtedly.

KLEIN:

Well, why?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. What's more interesting is when.

KLEIN:

How do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Prisoner one-one-eight-seven, oblique stroke X was first admitted to this facility five months ago.

KLEIN:

But the war was twenty years in the past! (EXCITED, FORGETTING HERSELF) The clone Schalk was right! They're here! There are Da-

DOCTOR:

Ssh, Dr Klein. (HUSHED) There are Dees among us. I know.

KLEIN:

Do you think they've still got him? The real Schalk?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. What happened to him, I wonder...?

20: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [SIX MONTHS AGO]

FX: REVERSE ECHO, TO SUGGEST FLASHBACK? THEN INTO: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

My name is *Hauptsturmführer* Kurt Schalk. You have tortured me. You have performed surgery on my brain. You have made deranged doppelgangers of me in your duplication vats. –

FALKUS:

In this, I concede defeat. Precise duplication of mental engrams is beyond Dalek technology, it seems.

SCHALK:

Six months later, and still – still! – you do not know the secrets of the Persuasion Machine. *Schwarze* Dalek, you have failed!!!

BLACK DALEK:

I – we – cannot fail! You will surrender the schematics! You must surrender the schematics!

SCHALK:

No. For I have resisted all your privations! I am the superior being! I am the Superman, and you the pitiful *Untermensch!*

BLACK DALEK:

No. We are the superior beings... and you will be exterminated! (FX: SWIVEL) Extermination squad – assemble!!! (BEAT) Extermination squad – obey!!!

DALEK:

No.

BLACK DALEK:

(UNFAMILIAR WITH CONCEPT) You – dis-obey???

DALEK:

The human Kurt Schalk may not be exterminated, by order of the Supreme Dalek.

SCHALK:

Ha!!!

BLACK DALEK:

I have received no such order from the Supreme Dalek.

FALKUS:

You have not, no.

BLACK DALEK:

I do not understand.

SCHALK:

Unlike you, *Schwarze Dalek*, young Herr Falkus is a realist. He understood from the first that a proud officer of the Reich may not be forcibly coerced.

BLACK DALEK:

What does this mean?!

FALKUS:

The Supreme Dalek has agreed to this human's... conditions.

BLACK DALEK:

Daleks do not agree with conditions!

SCHALK:

Your Supreme does. I will help the Daleks build the Persuasion Machine... on the condition of their absolute loyalty... to me! Extermination squad – assemble!!!

DALEKS x 3:

We obey.

BLACK DALEK:

No. No! I am the superior Dalek!

SCHALK:

Exterminate squad – exterminate!!!

BLACK DALEK:

No. No. No. –

FX: MASSED EXTERMINATORS EXTERMINATE BLACK DALEK.

BEAT.

SCHALK:

On the contrary, *Schwarze Dalek*. I am the Fuhrer of the Daleks now.

21: EXT. DRIVEWAY OF COUNTRY HOUSE

FX: HOVERCAR LANDS. DOORS RELEASED.

QAREN:

Out you get, Mr Arrowsmith.

FX: WILL CLIMBS OUT INTO GRAVEL, QAREN BEHIND.

WILL:

(WALKING) It's rather grand, isn't it? For a priest's house.

QAREN:

(WALKING) They housed veterans of the war here, once. Father is the last of them. (STOPPING AT DOOR) Will. I should explain – when you see him – Father is not quite... normal.

WILL:

What do you mean?

FX: QAREN PRESSES DOORBELL. OLD-FASHIONED TYPE.

QAREN:

(CALLING) Father! Father, it's only me! (TO WILL) There were things the Daleks did to him, in their torture camps. Things that... changed him. (FX: AS THE ELECTRONICALLY-CONTROLLED DOOR BEGINS TO OPEN...) Just... try not to be shocked when you meet him, that's all.

FX: DOOR COMPLETELY OPEN NOW, AS A CERTAIN SOMEONE GLIDES UP FROM INSIDE...

QAREN:

Father. There you are. This is the one I told you about. This is Will Arrowsmith.

WILL:

(STEPPING UP TO DOOR) It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

DAVROS:

It is a pleasure to meet you too, my boy. Please – come in, and tell me about the Daleks.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

FX: ... AS A CERTAIN SOMEONE GLIDES UP FROM INSIDE...

QAREN:

Father. There you are. This is the one I told you about. This is Will Arrowsmith.

WILL:

(STEPPING UP TO DOOR) It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.

DAVROS:

It is a pleasure to meet you too, my boy. Please – come in, and tell me about the Daleks.

CONTINUES INTO:

22: INT. HALLWAY

FX: DAVROS MOVES ASIDE TO LET QAREN AND WILL IN.

DAVROS:

In, in!

WILL:

Thank you, sir.

FX: QAREN CLOSES DOOR BEHIND.

DAVROS:

There is no need for such formality. 'Father' will do.

QAREN:

Don't worry – we can all speak freely, Will. There's a dead spot in the surveillance scans right above the house.

WILL:

Oh! Well, that's handy.

QAREN:

(DURR!) I fixed it that way, obviously.

DAVROS:

It is helpful that the Superintendent shares our... concerns.

QAREN:

When we intercept chatter about the Daleks, we're supposed to pass it immediately downstairs, to the Re-education Department.

DAVROS:

Instead, Qaren deletes it from the record... and brings it straight to me.

WILL:

But why, sir? – I mean, Father. Actually, I'd rather use 'sir', I think, if that's alright.

DAVROS:

Quite alright, my boy.

WILL:

It's just – the war's been over for twenty years. What use is information about the Daleks?

DAVROS:

I should have thought that was obvious, to a boy of such obvious intelligence.

WILL:

They're still here?

QAREN:

There are Daleks among us, Will. Everywhere, among us! They never left!

23: EXT. MONUMENT PLAZA

FX: SOUNDS OF DEMOLITION FROM OFF, AS DOCTOR AND KLEIN EXIT THE STATION AND STOP.

DOCTOR:

Here we are. Monument Plaza.

KLEIN:

What is it they're doing over there?

DOCTOR:

Demolishing Ace's statue. Someone must have noted the oversight.

KLEIN:

No sign of Will, unless he's in the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

More likely Mr Arrowsmith is currently helping the police with their enquiries.

KLEIN:

I've been guilty, I think, of underestimating that young man. He isn't quite so hopeless in the field as I thought.

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISED) You think so?

KLEIN:

We should at least check. (LEADINGLY...) Besides, it might be useful to carry out a topographical scan of the city from the TARDIS, too. If there really are (HUSHED) Dees among us, they have to be hiding somewhere.

DOCTOR:

True, but...

KLEIN:

Now, I have an idea how to get past those workmen without drawing any unwanted attention. (WALKS OFF) Follow me.

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth? (FOLLOWING) Elizabeth, wait-!

CROSS TO:

FX: BESIDE WORKMEN, SMASHING ACE'S STATUE. WORKMEN BREAK OFF AS KLEIN APPROACHES.

WORKMAN:

You looking at something, lady?

KLEIN:

I am looking at nothing. Nothing is happening here. Nothing at all.

WORKMAN:

That's right.

KLEIN:

Least of all, the demolition of a statuette of Liberty.

WORKMAN:

(MENACINGLY) What's your name? Only it sounds to me like you might have seen something...

DOCTOR:

(COMING UP BEHIND) Elizabeth, be careful.

KLEIN:

I am Re-educator Klein, my colleague here is Re-educator Smith.

WORKMAN:

(PANIC-STRICKEN) You're Re-educators-?

KLEIN:

We've not seen you, and you've not seen us.

DOCTOR:

Now, carry on with what you weren't doing.

WORKMAN:

Yes, Re-educators!

FX: WORKMEN RESUME SMASHING STATUE.

KLEIN:

Good. Re-educator Smith, perhaps you'd care to unlock the door to the strange blue box that isn't there?

24: INT. DAVROS' HOUSE – SITTING ROOM

FX: CHINKING CROCKERY.

WILL:

It's alright, Father – I'll be... mother.

FX: POURING TEA INTO CUP.

DAVROS:

Not for me, my boy.

QAREN:

Father cannot eat and drink as we do, not after what the Daleks did to him.

WILL:

Of course, sorry. Me being an idiot.

DAVROS:

Please, continue. You were telling me about this 'Persuasion Machine' ...

WILL:

(SIPPING TEA) OK. So far as I understand, the designs were given to this Nazi called Schalk by a pair of godlike aliens – Hang on, do you know about Nazis?

DAVROS:

I am acquainted with their history. Please, go on.

WILL:

Anyway, this machine is supposed to give you the ability to make hundreds, thousands, maybe millions of people believe anything you want them to believe – which is why the Daleks want it, I suppose.

DAVROS:

Undoubtedly, it would be most useful to them.

WILL:

The blueprints for it are stored inside Schalk's brain, I'm not sure how. Anyway: after Schalk was kidnapped from Earth by the Daleks, the Doctor found a record of his being on Azimuth, now.

QAREN:

I've looked into the records of this Schalk person, Father. It seems he was found raving about Daleks in the Underground some five months ago, which is why he was taken for Correction. Only no-one seems to know where he came from.

WILL:

Well, there you go. The Daleks brought him here, and then –

DAVROS:

... and then they let him go?! But that makes no sense!

WILL:

Look, don't ask me, ask the Doctor.

DAVROS:

But I must do, my boy! I must! To meet with the forgotten hero of the liberation, the conqueror of the Daleks himself – why, that would be a rare privilege.

WILL:

I'm sure he'd like to meet you too. (SIPS TEA) Have you been hunting Daleks long-?

DAVROS:

(VAGUE) I have been obliged to work in secret, ever since the deniers of the Dalek holocaust seized control of Azimuth.

QAREN:

The greatest privilege is mine, to assist Father in his hunt. (NUDGE) Tell him, Father.

DAVROS:

I was... with dear Qaren's father – her birth father – in the Daleks' vivisection laboratories. It was my sad task to have to inform the Superintendent of exactly what it was the Daleks did to him.

QAREN:

(SLIGHTLY ODD; REPEATING A CONTROL PHRASE – SEE LATER) Father... knows best. (NORMAL) And I thank you, Father, for sparing me no detail, to strengthen my resolve to seek out these monsters in their lair!

WILL:

You're sure they're here, then?

DAVROS:

It is true that the Daleks were routed, twenty years ago. But their laboratory facility – the one in which Qaren's father met such a terrible end – was never found.

QAREN:

Father believes it remains intact, and fully operational, even after all this time!

WILL:

But why? What are they up to in there, do you think?

DAVROS:

Evil, of course. Unlimited, unmitigated evil! (BEGINNING TO FORGET HIMSELF) Which is why they must be found, and crushed! Crushed utterly! Destroyed! Ext-

QAREN:

Father! - Father, please! You mustn't exercise yourself so.

DAVROS:

You are - right, of course. Forgive me, dear Qaren. Sometimes my passion becomes quite... overwhelming.

QAREN:

That's quite enough for now. Anyway - I have to return to the city, before I'm missed.

DAVROS:

Will. My boy. Will you help Qaren find the Doctor, and bring him to me? His first-hand knowledge of Dalek operations during the war might be invaluable to my... crusade.

WILL:

(GETTING UP) Of course. I'm sure he'll be glad to help. Any enemy of the Daleks is a friend of his.

DAVROS:

There is just one more thing, before you leave...? - Perhaps understandably, I am unusually sensitive about my... condition. So I would sooner you did not describe my appearance to the Doctor.

WILL:

(UNSURE) Riiight...

DAVROS:

I seek his help, not his pity. Pity I find... over-rated.

WILL:

Oh, I see. Yes, not to worry. Arrowsmith on the case.

QAREN:

Come on, Will.

FX: WILL AND QAREN EXIT, LEAVING DAVROS ALONE.

25: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: VARIOUS SWEEPING SCANS IN PROGRESS. KLEIN WALKS IN.

DOCTOR:

Ah, Elizabeth. No joy, I take it?

KLEIN:

No sign of him, no.

DOCTOR:

We shall have to wait another day for Mr Arrowsmith to surprise us, then.

KLEIN:

I take it you've had no luck, either?

DOCTOR:

As I explained, a Dalek bunker of any size would be humming with jamming technology. Oh, this is wasting time.

FX: PLUG PULLED. SCANS RUDELY DEACTIVATED.

DOCTOR:

(HEADING FOR DOOR) Come along, we'd better go in search of your errant assistant. Then see if we can't turn up some other lead on Schalk.

KLEIN:

Doctor, wait. *Wait*. (FX: DOCTOR STOPS) Before we go out again, into a world where we can't speak freely... Doctor, I want to know.

DOCTOR:

Know what, Elizabeth?

KLEIN:

The clone Schalk, he recognised me – just like the real one did, back in Dusseldorf. Both of them thought I was someone they had met before.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

KLEIN:

You told me, too, that Schalk might be a relative of mine.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

KLEIN:

You know, also, that my parents were refugees from Germany, at the end of the war?

DOCTOR:

I'd gathered as much.

KLEIN:

Yet still you maintain that you don't know how the dots join up?

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth, I promise you I don't.

KLEIN:

"You're like me," you said – remember? "You always want to know?"

DOCTOR:

I remember.

KLEIN:

Then why don't you want to know this? Because now, Doctor – now I want to know. (BEAT) The truth, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(RELUCTANTLY) The truth is... I'm afraid of the truth.

KLEIN:

And you think I'm not?! This is all to do with you checking up on me, like the Master said. Well, isn't it?! My history was rewritten, so you have to keep coming back and back to make sure I'm not about to annexe Poland. Because you don't trust me not to revert to – well, whatever monster I was, in some other reality. Because you still don't see me for who I actually am – do you, Umbrella Man? For all my achievements, for all of my genius, all that you see when you look at me... is a Nazi.

DOCTOR:

That's not true, Elizabeth.

KLEIN:

Then what is the truth?!

DOCTOR:

Your history was rewritten, yes. But have you never wondered what that might mean?

KLEIN:

I don't follow.

DOCTOR:

Time had to find a place for you, Elizabeth. Some blank space in history's pages for you to be born into. Some... void. And what better void than the chaos that was Germany in 1945?

KLEIN:

You fear my origins.

DOCTOR:

The Master was right about one thing. I have been checking up on you. But not on you, now – on your heredity, your background. (DEEP BREATH – CONFESSION TIME) The truth, then. The truth is... I first heard about Schalk, and the Persuasion Machine, through investigating you.

KLEIN:

What?!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry. But don't you see? I had to know.

26: EXT. HOVERCAR (IN FLIGHT)

FX: CRUISING SPEED.

WILL:

The city looks huge from up here.

QAREN:

We'll be on the ground in less than a minute.

FX: BLEEPS AS QAREN CHECKS DISPLAY.

QAREN:

Right, so the system's showing no-one visited prisoner Schalk at the Correctional Facility between oh-six hours sixty-five and oh-seven hours ten.

WILL:

Well, then, I've no idea where the Doctor and Dr Klein can have got to. -

QAREN:

Two doctors, without credentials? The system would have logged them as Re-educators, and deleted any record of their visit. That's why it says no-one visited Schalk!

WILL:

I'll have to take your word for it. -

FX: AS HOVERCAR ENGINES BEGIN TO SLOW:

QAREN:

Coming down to street level.

FX: SQUEAKY ALERT - ENDS QUICKLY.

QAREN:

Damn!

WILL:

What was that?

QAREN:

We've hit the surveillance grid. (SOTTO) So watch what you say, Will Arrowsmith!

27: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth, I can't apologise enough.

KLEIN:

I'm not interested in your apologies. What I insist that you do is take me there.

DOCTOR:

(BAFFLED) Where?

KLEIN:

To my origins, obviously! To Germany, in 1945!

DOCTOR:

What, now? Elizabeth – we need to find Schalk, and the Daleks!

KLEIN:

Science, Doctor! To solve the problem of me, and the problem of Schalk – you can't skip the working. We need to go back, to establish the facts. We should have done this from the first!

DOCTOR:

Your timeline is complicated enough, Dr Klein. Were I to take you back to the moment history re-created you – well, the Time Lords would scalp me.

KLEIN:

(LOSING HER TEMPER) And I will scalp you if you don't! (FORCED CALM) Looks, it's not the moment of my birth I want to go to.

DOCTOR:

Then where? When?

KLEIN:

Hinterberger knew me, remember. In the bunker. Why is that, do you think?

DOCTOR:

I don't know, Elizabeth.

FX: KLEIN AT CONSOLE, SETTING DESTINATION. BLEEPES ETC.

KLEIN:

Because he had Schalk's memory of me. But Schalk moved out of the bunker three weeks before we arrived. Isn't it obvious? – I was there, then, because the TARDIS is about to take me there, then – to Dusseldorf, in April 1945!

DOCTOR:

Are you programming my TARDIS?!

KLEIN:

I've watched you do it often enough. (FX: END PROGRAMMING)
There – is that right?

DOCTOR:

Not quite. (FX: MAKES A COUPLE OF BLIPPING ADJUSTMENTS) There.
Like that.

KLEIN:

Then all I need do is activate the dematerialisation control,
correct?

DOCTOR:

Correct. – But I strongly advise you engage the Fast Return
Switch first.

KLEIN:

Why?

DOCTOR:

To ensure the Ship automatically returns to this precise
space-time location, so we can retrieve Mr Arrowsmith. Fourth
tier down, to your left.

FX: SWITCH ACTIVATED.

KLEIN:

This is the right thing to do, Doctor. You know it is.

DOCTOR:

I know nothing of the sort. But if you are dead set on this
course – I only hope you don't come to regret this rash
action.

KLEIN:

I have no other choice. This is destiny, Doctor! – (DEEP
BREATH, ABOUT TO DEMATERIALISE SHIP...)

FX: BANGING ON OUTSIDE OF TARDIS.

WILL:

(OUTSIDE) Doctor! Dr Klein! Are you in there?

KLEIN:

(GROANS) Oh, no.

WILL:

(OUTSIDE) It's me! It's Will! I met this nice policewoman, she
gave me a lead on the Dal-[eks] (STOPS HIMSELF) ... eergh.
(BEAT) Sorry, can't say any more. Please, open up!

DOCTOR:

It seems Mr Arrowsmith has found his moment to surprise us.
Don't you think we should let him in?

28: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: QUICKLY BRING UP DALEK HEARTBEAT.

DALEK:

Alert! There is new information, from the police computers!

SCHALK:

Show me.

FX: OVER MONITOR, PLAY IN WILL'S DIALOGUE FROM PREVIOUS SCENE — THIS TIME, AS IF CAPTURED BY SCANNERS IN THE PLAZA, OUTSIDE THE TARDIS.

WILL:

(OUTSIDE) It's me! It's Will! I met this nice policewoman, she gave me a lead on the Dal-[eks] (STOPS HIMSELF) ... eergh.

(BEAT) Sorry, can't say any more. Please, open up!

DALEK:

Who is this human?

SCHALK:

His name is Will Arrowsmith. (DECISIVELY) Fetch me Falkus. Fetch him now!

DALEK:

I obey!!!

FX: DALEK GLIDES OFF.

29: EXT. HOVERCAR POOL

FX: QUICK FADE UP. WILL LEADS THE DOCTOR AND KLEIN TO HALT.

WILL:

This is it. Qaren – the Superintendent – said she'd pick us up here, in her hovercar. She's late.

KLEIN:

Can we trust this woman?

DOCTOR:

This 'Qaren'?

WILL:

Of course. I'm not completely stupid, you know.

KLEIN:

It's just that the last lovely young lady to flash her big blue eyes at you turned out not to be all she seemed.

WILL:

They're not blue, they're brown. – Hang on, do you mean Ziv?

FX: AS HOVERCAR COMES TO LAND BESIDE THEM:

KLEIN:

What about this man, this 'hunter'?

WILL:

Father. He's a sort of priest... of some sort of space church, I suppose. I didn't think to ask.

DOCTOR:

This must be your Superintendent now.

FX: HOVERCAR IN NEUTRAL, TICKING OVER. DOOR OPENS.

QAREN:

Sorry I'm late, had to wait for the surveillance window to open.

DOCTOR:

Very wise, I'm sure.

WILL:

Qaren, this is the Doctor, and that's Dr Klein.

QAREN:

I realise that. Doctors, you'd better get in.

KLEIN:

Is it far? One could develop thrombosis in something that cramped.

WILL:

It's not far.

FX: ALERT BLEEP FROM HOVERCAR CONSOLE.

QAREN:

Oh, no!

DOCTOR:

(GETTING IN TO CAR) Is there a problem, Superintendent?

QAREN:

Will, I told you – watch what you say!

WILL:

Eh?

QAREN:

The system's showing a warrant for your arrest!

WILL:

What? – But I was really careful! I know I almost said the 'D' word, outside the TARDIS, but that was it!

QAREN:

That would have been enough. They'll have been tracking you.
(FIRM) Will – I can't take you with me. It's too dangerous, to Father.

WILL:

I suppose.

QAREN:

Father only needs to speak to the Doctor. Will, you have to go!

DOCTOR:

I won't leave Mr Arrowsmith to his own devices.

KLEIN:

(SIGHS) I'll take him. If needs be, I can always claim to be a Re-educator again.

DOCTOR:

(FX: PASSING KLEIN TARDIS KEY) Elizabeth, take the key to my TARDIS. I'll meet you back there at the first opportunity.

KLEIN:

Of course.

DOCTOR:

You realise I'm trusting you not to do anything.. rash.

KLEIN:

I appreciate that.

QAREN:

Go! Go!

FX: DOOR CLOSES. AS THE HOVERSHIP ENGINES UP A GEAR AND IT
BEGINS TO RISE:

WILL:

I really thought I'd been careful.

KLEIN:

Come on, Will.

FX: THEY RUN OFF.

30: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: QUICKLY BRING UP DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

Report!

DALEK:

The human named Arrowsmith no longer registers on the surveillance grid.

SCHALK:

Dumbkopf! He has evaded you!

FALKUS:

Herr Schalk – we know Arrowsmith made contact with the Doctor, so we know where the Doctor will be going. He can soon be intercepted.

SCHALK:

Quiet, Falkus! The others are no less important! (A THOUGHT) They will be running, they are always running. Dalek – scan for persons running within the central limits.

DALEK:

I obey.

FX: SOMETHING TO SUGGEST SCANNING ETHER.

SCHALK:

Come on, come on. Where are you, *junge*...?

FX: SOMETHING TO SUGGEST 2 x TARGETS LOCATED.

DALEK:

Alert! Two persons running, Sector One-B/C!

SCHALK:

The Plaza approaches – that's them!

31: EXT. BACK OF MONUMENT PLAZA

FX: KLEIN AND WILL RUN TO STOP, PRESSED UP AGAINST THE WALL.

NB: BOTH A BIT HUSHED, SOTTO THROUGHOUT.

KLEIN:

The workmen who weren't there really aren't there now. Still, I wouldn't want to bet the TARDIS isn't under surveillance.

WILL:

Should we make a dash for it, then?

KLEIN:

Who do you think you are, Carl Lewis?

WILL:

Who? (BEAT; THEN – DISTASTE) Oh. Sport.

KLEIN:

I... have a better idea. It's you the police are looking for, Will – so I am going to walk slowly to the TARDIS, alone. Once I'm there, I shall stage... a distraction.

WILL:

What sort of distraction?

KLEIN:

You'll know it when you see it. Stay under cover. I will come back to collect you, sooner than you think.

WILL:

What do you mean?

KLEIN:

(BREAKING COVER) Good luck, Mr Arrowsmith.

FX: AS KLEIN STRIDES AWAY PURPOSEFULLY:

WILL:

(HISSED AFTER) Dr Klein! Dr Klein!

SHARP CUT TO:

32: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

The woman, that's her! That's Elizabeth Klein!

SHARP CUT BACK TO:

33: EXT. MONUMENT PLAZA

FX: KLEIN STRIDING ACROSS PLAZA.

KLEIN:

(TO SELF) Calm, Elizabeth. Calm and collected. Just an ordinary citizen, going about her everyday business. —

TANNOY VOICE:

Visitor Klein! Halt!

MAP VOICE:

(FX: LEFT) You are wanted for questioning!

BIN VOICE:

(FX: RIGHT) Halt, and await the police!

KLEIN:

(SIGH) Carl Lewis it is, then. (RUNS)

FX: POLICE HOVERCAR APPROACHING OVERHEAD, AS BEFORE.

TANNOY VOICE:

Police are now in attendance! ...

CROSS TO:

34: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

DALEK:

... Repeat, police are now in attendance! Remain where you are!

(NB: SO WE NOW REALISE THAT DALEKS USE VOICE SYNTHESISERS TO SPEAK THROUGH THE VARIOUS TANNOY SYSTEMS, ETC)

35: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: KLEIN BURSTS THROUGH DOORS, BEAT TO CATCH BREATH, DASHES TO CONSOLE. DOOR CONTROL ACTIVATED THROUGH:

TANNOY VOICE:

Repeat – (FX: MUFFLED BY CLOSING DOOR:) – remain where you are!

KLEIN:

(AT CONTROLS) Course set – check. Fast Return Switch – engaged. Something rash, then. –

FX: DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS THROUGH:

KLEIN:

(TO SELF) My apologies – Doctor, Mr Arrowsmith. But I will be back, I swear.

CROSS TO:

36: EXT. MONUMENT PLAZA

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISING, OFF.

WILL:

(RUNNING FORWARD FROM OFF) Dr Klein! No! You can't... (HUSHED) ...
leave me?!

FX: DEMATERIALISATION ENDS. 3 x POLICEMEN RUNNING TOWARDS WILL
FROM AREA OF HOVERING HOVERCAR.

TANNOY VOICE:

Visitor Arrowsmith! Do not move! You are under arrest!

WILL:

(SIGH) Not again!

FX: FADE.

37: EXT. DRIVEWAY OF DAVROS' HOUSE

FX: HOVERCAR SLOWS TO STOP. DOORS.

QAREN:

This is it.

FX: SHE GETS OUT OF CAR THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

A very striking abode. (CLIMBING OUT OF HOVERCAR) But I'm not here to admire modernist architecture.

FX: BOTH WALKING TOWARDS HOUSE.

QAREN:

Father will receive you in the sitting room. I – I have to warn you, like I warned Will: his appearance may alarm you.

DOCTOR:

Oh? Why?

QAREN:

It's something the Daleks did to him, in the war. Something terrible.

DOCTOR:

Believe me, I've witnessed every possible example of the Daleks' depravity. There is nothing about this man's appearance that could surprise me, Superintendent.

FX: QAREN OPENS DOOR.

QAREN:

You'd better go in.

FX: FOLLOW DOCTOR & QAREN INTO...

38: INT. HALLWAY OF DAVROS' HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: QAREN CLOSES DOOR BEHIND.

QAREN:

Please, let me take your, um – what is that?

DOCTOR:

Ah! (HANDING HER UMBRELLA) My umbrella, yes. For the rain?

QAREN:

(PUTTING UMBRELLA IN STAND, BAFFLED) But it isn't raining.

DOCTOR:

That's when I find an umbrella most useful. (WALKING FORWARD)
Is it through here?

QAREN:

(CHASING HIM) Wait, I should –

DOCTOR:

It's alright, I'll show myself in.

FX: OPENS DOOR INTO...

39: INT. SITTING ROOM OF DAVROS' HOUSE [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(STRIDING IN) Father, I presume? I understand we have a mutual [interest] – (STOPS DEAD AS DAVROS GLIDES FORWARD)

DAVROS:

Doctor. How nice it is to see you.

(BEAT)

QAREN:

(BEHIND, SOTTO) Doctor, I did warn you. Please, don't stare.

DOCTOR:

I admit, I'm shocked at this man's... appearance.

DAVROS:

Qaren, my dear – perhaps the Doctor would prefer to talk to me in private?

DOCTOR:

About the good old days, you mean?

DAVROS:

About the good old bad old days, indeed.

QAREN:

Of course, yes. I'll wait in the kitchen. Ring if you need me.

DAVROS:

Thank you.

FX: SHE EXITS, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

I presume she doesn't know. The Superintendent.

DAVROS:

Your associate Mr Arrowsmith was just as easily gulled, Doctor. It seems that we both find naivete... refreshing.

DOCTOR:

Unlike you, Davros, I've hidden nothing from my companions.

DAVROS:

A textbook case of 'denial', as I believe the psychologists call it. But as you see – I have a couch, if you wish to discuss your... issues.

DOCTOR:

All I'm here to discuss are your progeny, your Daleks. Where are they hiding, Davros? What horrors are they planning?

DAVROS:

It seems I must surprise you again, Doctor. For those are the exact same questions I intended to put to you.

DOCTOR:

What?! ...

THEN, SIMULTANEOUSLY:

DOCTOR/DAVROS:

Do you expect me to believe that you don't know?!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

You don't know. You really don't.

DAVROS:

I ask you again. Where are they, Doctor? WHERE ARE MY DALEKS???

40: INT. DEAD-END CORRIDOR IN UNDERGROUND BASE (1945)

FX: GERMANY, 1945. WE'RE IN THE SAME BASE AS FEATURED IN 'PERSUASION' ... BUT THREE WEEKS EARLIER. DISTANT SOUNDS OF BOMBARDMENT — THE AMERICANS ADVANCING INTO GERMAN TERRITORY.

FX: THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

KLEIN:

(STEPPING OUT) Hello? (FX: CLOSES DOOR) (STEPPING FORWARD) Hello...? *Ist da jemand?* Is anyone [there?]

FX: SUDDENLY, A WHEEE-BANG!!! AS A SHELL STRIKES THE GROUND ABOVE. THE CORRIDOR SHAKES.

KLEIN:

(CRIES OUT, KNOCKED OFF FEET)

FX: DUST AND EARTH SHOWERS DOWN.

KLEIN:

(PICKING HERSELF UP, COUGHING, TO SELF) April 1945. That'll be the Americans. Oh, what am I doing here? This is [insane.]

RALF:

(CALLING OUT FROM END OF CORRIDOR) Hello? Hello? (APPROACHING WARILY) Did someone call?

KLEIN:

(CALLING BACK — SLIGHTLY GERMANIC, TO SUGGEST PUTTING ON ACCENT) All is well. I am unharmed, I just lost my footing.

RALF:

(STRIDING FORWARD) But it's you! What are you doing here? Why did you come back?

KLEIN:

I was thinking the same to myself. (BEAT; UNSURE) I know you... don't I?

RALF:

Of course you do, *liebchen!* Your head must still be ringing from the blast. (TURNING) Come, it's not safe here. —

KLEIN:

Liebchen? (RATTLED) No. No, you can't be.

FX: ANOTHER BLAST ABOVE — NOT AS CLOSE, BUT STILL DEBRIS SHOWERS DOWN.

RALF:

We have to leave! Elizabeth, come!

KLEIN:

(SLIGHTLY TO SELF) Father...?

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

RALF:

(STRIDING FORWARD) But it's you! What are you doing here? Why did you come back?

KLEIN:

I was thinking the same to myself. (BEAT; UNSURE) I know you... don't I?

RALF:

Of course you do, liebchen! Your head must still be ringing from the blast. (TURNING) Come, it's not safe here. —

KLEIN:

Liebchen? (RATTLED) No. No, you can't be.

FX: ANOTHER BLAST ABOVE — NOT AS CLOSE, BUT STILL DEBRIS SHOWERS DOWN.

RALF:

We have to leave! Elizabeth, come!

KLEIN:

(SLIGHTLY TO SELF) Father...?

CONTINUES INTO:

41: INT. DEAD-END CORRIDOR... (1945) [CONTINUED]

RALF:

What did you say-?

KLEIN:

[NB: WITH ACCENT THROUGHOUT] (CATCHING HERSELF) Nothing. Nothing. You're right, my head is still ringing. (HESITANTLY) Ralf. Is Mutte with you? [HER MOTHER'S NAME]

RALF:

(SURPRISED) You know about Mutte-?

KLEIN:

Of course.

RALF:

I'm surprised, I thought we'd been more discreet. (FX: PRODUCES LUGER, UNCOCKS IT) You know why I'm here, then.

KLEIN:

Please, you don't want to shoot me.

RALF:

I will if I have to. Tell me, *liebchen*: have you told the *Hauptsturmführer* about us?

KLEIN:

About you and Mutte-?

RALF:

Have you told Schalk?

KLEIN:

Schalk? – No, no. I've not spoken to him.

RALF:

Then why are you here? The Americans are coming. Why haven't you run, with the rest of the Elite?

KLEIN:

Because – because I felt I had no choice but to come here.

(BEAT)

RALF:

(STIFLES LAUGH) Can this be? That Elizabeth Volkenrath, terror of the SS-Gefolge, has feelings...?

KLEIN:

What-?

RALF:

(FX: LOWERS AND UNCOCKS PISTOL) Well, you needn't worry. She'll be safe, we'll make sure of it. [NB: BY 'SHE', WE'LL DISCOVER, HE MEANS BABY KLEIN.]

KLEIN:

Mutte, you mean?

RALF:

No, not Mutte! – She's waiting, a few miles west. You must know there's no escape for you, Elizabeth.

KLEIN:

No, I don't suppose there is.

RALF:

They all know about you – the British, the Russians, the Americans. About you, and Schalk, and the Machine.

KLEIN:

They do-?

RALF:

But if you really have developed 'feelings' – then you'll help me, Elizabeth. I'm not like the others. All I want is to keep her safe.

KLEIN:

Mutte-?

RALF:

Of course, Mutte too! Elizabeth – I'm on my way to Schalk, before he sells her out like the rat he is. It's too late for you, but will you help us? Me and Mutte?

(BEAT)

KLEIN:

I – I will help you with Schalk.

RALF:

(FX: RAISING AND COCKING PISTOL AGAIN) Swear you will! Swear on her life – or God help me, I will kill you right now!

KLEIN:

(CALMLY) Ralf – I promise you this: that despite everything, I have total faith in you, and in Mutte.

FX: ANOTHER DISTANT EXPLOSION. POURING DEBRIS.

KLEIN:

Come. We should go and find Schalk, before the bombardment increases. Where is he, do you know?

RALF:

(FX: LOWERING AND UNCOCKING PISTOL) In his laboratory, where he always is. Come on.

FX: THEY WALK SWIFTLY OFF.

42: INT. SITTING ROOM OF DAVROS' HOUSE

DOCTOR:

Why is it you're here, Davros? Here on Azimuth?

DAVROS:

I am asking the questions!

DOCTOR:

Don't kid yourself. Without your bully-boys in half-domes to back you up, you're as impotent as I am. – You know... (SITTING DOWN) I think I will sit down, as you suggested. It's been a long day, and this is a surprisingly comfy couch. (AIRILY) Please, carry on.

DAVROS:

(RELUCTANTLY) I have become separated from my Daleks, since the destruction of Skaro.

DOCTOR:

There are more Daleks in the universe than lived on Skaro.

DAVROS:

My attempts to signal them proved unsuccessful.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps they were screening their calls.

DAVROS:

My Daleks need me more than ever!

DOCTOR:

Who's in denial now? They've fled the nest. They've flown the coop. They don't need Daddy anymore.

DAVROS:

(LOSING HIS TEMPER) I am above your mockery!

DOCTOR:

I'd take up a hobby if I were you, to see you through the autumn years. Have you considered gardening?

DAVROS:

There was a Dalek facility on Azimuth, twenty years ago. I have no reason to believe it was ever... decommissioned.

DOCTOR:

I know exactly why you came here, Davros. What it was you came here to find.

DAVROS:

Do you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The Persuasion Machine. A tool for you to reassert your authority over the whole of the Dalek diaspora!

DAVROS:

I admit, the potential of this device interests me greatly.

DOCTOR:

I'll bet it does.

DAVROS:

Indeed, I have been thinking about it ever since your associate Mr Arrowsmith first described it to me... a few short hours ago.

DOCTOR:

(GROANS) Will-!

43: INT. POLICE CELL

FX: ELECTRONIC DOOR UNBOLTED.

WILL:

(JUMPING UP) At last. Qare[n] – (THE NAME DIES ON HIS LIPS)

FALKUS:

(WALKING IN) Visitor Arrowsmith?

WILL:

Oh! I was hoping you might be – someone else, come to get me out of this cell.

FALKUS:

My name is Falkus. Follow me, please.

FX: THEY WALK.

WILL:

Where are you taking me?

FALKUS:

Elsewhere.

WILL:

Where's Qaren – the Superintendent, I mean?

FALKUS:

Under investigation.

WILL:

That's my fault, isn't it?

FALKUS:

(STOPPING) Yes.

FX: PRESSES BUTTON ON WALL PANEL. LIFT DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

FALKUS:

Please, enter the elevator.

WILL:

(STEPPING IN) Which way are we headed? Up or [down?]

FX: FALKUS FOLLOWS. PRESSES BUTTON. LIFT DOORS SLAM SHUT. LIFT BEGINS TO DESCEND.

44: INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY (1945)

FX: DISTANT BOMBARDMENT – SPORADIC RUMBLES THROUGHOUT SCENE.

WHILE THE BOMBS FALL, SCHALK IS SAT IN A SIDE OFFICE, SOFTLY SINGING A TRADITIONAL GERMAN NURSERY RHYME TO HIMSELF – HEAR IT SUNG AT: www.hello-world.com/songs/index.php?language=German&song=backe

SCHALK:

Backe, backe Kuchen,
Der Bäcker hat gerufen.
Wer will guten Kuchen backen,
der muss haben sieben [Sachen,]

FX: KLEIN BANGING ON LARGE, SEALED DOOR, OFF.

SCHALK:

Who is it? (FX: WALKING OVER, ACROSS LAB) Who's there?

KLEIN:

[NB: WITH ACCENT THROUGHOUT] (OUTSIDE) It's me... Kurt. It's Elizabeth.

SCHALK:

Fräulein Volkenrath! Are you alone?

KLEIN:

(OUTSIDE, SLIGHT HESITATION) Of course.

FX: SCHALK UNDOES 3 x HEAVY BOLTS IN SUCCESSION THROUGH:

SCHALK:

Oh, *Fräulein*. I knew. I knew you would not desert us!

FX: PULLS HEAVY DOOR OPEN.

SCHALK:

There you are! How strange to see you dressed.. informally.

KLEIN:

Oh, I –

SCHALK:

You know – years ago, I was quite the man about town, but I must have lost my grasp of fashion. I suppose I, too, will have to abandon my uniform soon, when Lukas comes.

KLEIN:

Hinterberger? He's coming here?

SCHALK:

He has agreed to assist my... evacuation.

KLEIN:

You're leaving, then?

SCHALK:

All is prepared. Come, I will show you.

KLEIN:

(STEPPING IN) Thank you... *Hauptsturmführer*.

FX: SCHALK PUSHES DOOR TO (BUT DOESN'T BOLT IT).

SCHALK:

Wait here. (AS HE WALKS OFF TO SIDE OFFICE:) Tell me, did you bring any food?

KLEIN:

Food? No, I'm afraid not.

SCHALK:

(OFF, LIFTING BABY OUT OF COT) That is a pity. All I have here is the powdered milk, but that is no good – hup! – when the water is rancid.

FX: KLEIN PICKS UP TEST TUBE FROM BENCH.

KLEIN:

(SNIFFS, RECOILS) Urgh! (TO SELF) Rancid milk... in test tubes...

SCHALK:

(OFF, TO BABY) There we go. (TO KLEIN) I have gone without, of course. (TO BABY) But you come first, don't you – little *liebchen*?

KLEIN:

Are you talking to [me-?]

FX: A BABY SQUALLS FROM OFF, INSIDE OFFICE.

SCHALK:

Hush. Hush. (SINGING) 'Backe, backe Kuchen, / Der Bäcker hat gerufen...'

KLEIN:

(TO SELF) It can't be...

SCHALK:

(RETURNING) Here she is, *Fräulein*. Bigger now, then when last you saw her, in her... tank. Aren't you, little one?

45: INT. DALEK BASE – LIFT/CORRIDOR

FX: LIFT ARRIVES. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

WILL:

This is the Re-education Department, isn't it?

FALKUS:

Get out.

WILL:

Rude. Are you allowed to talk to me like that, as a police officer?

FALKUS:

I am not a police officer. (SHOVING WILL) Out! Your escorts are waiting!

WILL:

(SHOVED OUT) Escorts? What esco- [rts]

FX: 2 x DALEKS GLIDE IN FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE LIFT DOORS.

DALEKS x 2:

Do not move!

Do not move!

WILL:

Oh, no.

FALKUS:

You are a prisoner of the Daleks!

46: INT. SITTING ROOM OF DAVROS' HOUSE

DOCTOR:

Davros – if it wasn't the Persuasion Machine you came to Azimuth for, what was it?

DAVROS:

(SMUG) Since it is plain you know nothing of the Daleks' whereabouts on this planet, Doctor, you need detain me no longer!

DOCTOR:

What is it are the Daleks hiding here? A hibernating army? A manufacturing plant?

DAVROS:

This interview is at an end! (CALLING) Qaren! Qaren!!!

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Davros!

47: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

DALEK:

(SHOVING WILL) Move!

WILL:

(ENTERING) What's with the swastikas everywhere?

SCHALK:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Herr Arrowsmith. At last.

WILL:

Oh, now I get it. Hinterberg- (CATCHING SELF) Schalk, I mean.

SCHALK:

Hauptsturmführer Schalk, if you please.

WILL:

The Daleks decorated to make you feel at home, I suppose.

SCHALK:

The Daleks decorated because I am their leader!

WILL:

What-?

DALEKS x 2:

Hail – Schalk!

Hail – Schalk!

SCHALK:

Well hailed!

WILL:

The Doctor – he's after you, Schalk. He's coming to sort you out!

SCHALK:

That Doctor is of little interest to me at this moment. Dr Klein, however...

WILL:

What do you want with Dr Klein?

SCHALK:

Where is she?

WILL:

I don't know. She just took off in the TARDIS, and –

SCHALK:

... of course, of course. You know nothing. (CLAPS HANDS, CALLING OFF) Bring in the young *madchen*!

WILL:

Madchen?

DALEK:

(GLIDING IN FROM OFF, SHOIVING QAREN) Move! Move!

QAREN:

(SHOVED IN) Please, that's enough!

WILL:

Qaren!

QAREN:

Will! I told you, didn't I? I said they were among us, like Father always believed!

SCHALK:

Quiet! Herr Arrowsmith – tell me precisely where Dr Klein has gone, in your space and time machine?

WILL:

I wish I knew.

SCHALK:

Be sensible, Herr Arrowsmith. This woman will die if you do not co-operate.

WILL:

All she said was she was going to create a distraction. I didn't know she was about to take off. I didn't even know she knew how. Please, Herr Schalk. I wouldn't lie.

SCHALK:

You are a very persuasive young man. But where human nature is concerned, I am an irredeemable cynic. Daleks – exterminate her.

WILL:

What?

FX: 2 x DALEK DEATH RAYS.

QAREN:

(SCREAMS, DIES)

FX: BODY FLOPS TO FLOOR.

SCHALK:

Now, shall we try again?

WILL:

(TEARFUL) I told you the truth. Really, I did.

SCHALK:

Don't cry, young Herr. It will all be over, just as soon as you tell me where the woman Klein has gone.

WILL:

I can't tell you. I don't know!

SCHALK:

Your loyalty is like that of a *Hitlerjunge*. I confess, I am impressed. But even the most fervid spirit may be broken, with the right incentive. (CALLING) Daleks – bring the Doctor here!

DALEKS x 2:

We obey!!!

FX: THEY GLIDE OFF.

WILL:

The Doctor is a prisoner too-?

SCHALK:

He is. The pity is, he doesn't know it.

48: INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY (1945)

FX: SPORADIC BOMBARDMENT. FRETFUL BABY.

SCHALK:

(SINGING) [...] *Eier und Schmalz,/
Zucker und Salz,/
Milch und Mehl,/
Safran macht den Kuchen gehl!/
Schieb, schieb in'n Ofen 'nein.*

... Oh, but I am no good at this. You take her, *Fräulein*.

FX: SCHALK THRUSTS GRIZZLING BABY AT KLEIN.

KLEIN:

[NB: WITH ACCENT THROUGHOUT] Please – I don't want her.

FX: BABY CALMS.

SCHALK:

See? She grows calmer. Despite everything, I think she knows who you are. Take her. Hold her.

KLEIN:

I can't. I mustn't-!

SCHALK:

Look, *Fräulein*. I fancy she has your eyes.

49: INT. SITTING ROOM OF DAVROS' HOUSE

FX: DOOR OPENS. QAREN ENTERS...

NB: ... A DUPLICATE QAREN, WITH A FLATTER, SOUL-LESS DELIVERY.

DAVROS:

Qaren. At last, I have been calling!

CLONE QAREN:

I was... unaware.

DAVROS:

It is my sad duty to inform you that this 'Doctor' is not as he seems – but a traitor! An infiltrator! A betrayer of the anti-Dalek cause!

DOCTOR:

Predictable as ever.

DAVROS:

It would be best if you were to ext- execute him, then dispose of his body in some distant place.

CLONE QAREN:

I cannot.

DAVROS:

But I insist! Obey me! Obey your father!

CLONE QAREN:

The Doctor is required.

DAVROS:

By whom-?!

DOCTOR:

I should have thought that was obvious enough. When the Superintendent left us to talk, her eyes were coloured brown. But now she's returned, she has of eyes of cobalt blue.

DAVROS:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

A quirk of a particular technology, as you should know... Davros.

CLONE QAREN:

Davros. The creator.

DAVROS:

She is a duplicate-?!

DOCTOR:

Substituted right under our noses. Oh, Davros. All this time you were here, looking in vain for your Daleks – and you were their prisoner, all along.

DAVROS:

I am no-one's prisoner!!!

CLONE QAREN:

New instructions. The prisoner knows. The deception must end.

DAVROS:

What perfidy is this-?!

FX: SOUNDS OF DOORS AND WINDOWS SLAMMING AND BOLTING, FROM ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

CLONE QAREN:

Exit points – sealed. Entrance points – sealed. The Doctor and prisoner Davros will now face the fireplace.

DAVROS:

The fireplace-?! Why-?

FX: WHOLE FIREPLACE RISES UP – AN ELECTRONIC DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Not a fireplace, Davros. A secret door.

FX: GLIDING IN FROM BEHIND FIREPLACE...

DALEK:

The Doctor will enter! Prisoner Davros will enter! Enter, or you will be exterminated!!!

DOCTOR:

... and into the fire we go.

50: INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY (1945)

FX: SPORADIC BOMBARDMENT. BABY GROUSES.

SCHALK:

Oh yes, it's all in the eyes. I know motherhood is not natural to you, *Fräulein* – I suppose that none of this is natural – but now you must take her.

KLEIN:

[NB: WITH ACCENT THROUGHOUT] You don't understand. I can't-!

SCHALK:

(COMMANDING) Take her, Elizabeth! Now, for the sake of the Reich!

RALF:

(OFF, AT DOOR) That's enough, *Hauptsturmführer*!

SCHALK:

Klein? Ralf Klein? I thought you had fled, with the rest of the fainthearts.

RALF:

(ADVANCING) I came back.

SCHALK:

Ah! It's all getting too hot in the streets, is that it?

RALF:

I came back for the baby.

SCHALK:

Why? – Ohh, of course. A human shield.

RALF:

(FX: COCKING AND LEVELLING PISTOL) Don't judge me by your own depraved standards, Schalk!

SCHALK:

Heh. Since I am the one with a gun pointed at my head... I think I'll keep it.

RALF:

Take her off him, Elizabeth.

KLEIN:

I can't. I can't explain why – but I can't.

SCHALK:

(JIGGLING BABY – IT CRIES) Come on, Ralf. Take a shot... if you dare.

RALF:

I'm not scared that I'll miss. It's just that I'd sooner not damage the child's eardrums. Count of three, Schalk. One...!

KLEIN:

He means it, *Hauptsturmführer!*

RALF:

Two...! Put her down on the bench!

SCHALK:

Alright, alright!

FX: HE SETS BABY DOWN. SHE GURGLES.

RALF:

Thank you.

SCHALK:

There is something different about you today, Ralf. Something I've not seen before.

RALF:

You've not seen the real me before.

KLEIN:

(REALISATION) You're a spy.

SCHALK:

A secret agent?

RALF:

Just a spy, these last three years.

SCHALK:

Who for? The Russians? (BEAT) Ach – please, don't say the British. I could forgive you for being a traitor, but not for having such bad taste!

FX: RALF SCOOPS UP BABY IN ONE HAND. IT GURGLES.

RALF:

(TO BABY) Soon be over, beautiful. – Don't move, Schalk. I still have you covered.

SCHALK:

This doesn't get you the Machine, Ralf. You still need me for that.

RALF:

I don't want your secrets. I only came for the baby. This poor innocent, manufactured by you like... like Alraune!

KLEIN:

Alraune-?

RALF:

Don't you know the old story, about the child of the mandrake root? The fruit of a dead man and a witch, procured by... unspeakable methods!

SCHALK:

Under laboratory conditions. All was rigorously controlled. There was genetic material from me... and there was genetic material from *Fräulein* Volkenrath.

KLEIN:

God in heaven.

SCHALK:

A few months later, there was the child. A child born to one great purpose!

RALF:

Alraune. The girl born without love, without a soul.

KLEIN:

(BITTER, SOTTO – ECHOING DOCTOR'S WORDS EARLIER. LOSE THE ACCENT FOR JUST THIS LINE) A blank space. A void.

SCHALK:

What was that-?

KLEIN:

(ACCENT BACK) Nothing.

RALF:

Well, however she was born – her spirit will be filled up in England, with me and with Mutte.

SCHALK:

Mutte? That mousy-haired *madchen* from the radio room?

RALF:

Who transmitted the secrets that I stole from you. Who broadcast them all to the British!

KLEIN:

(SOTTO, ACCENT WAVERING: "THANK GOD – MY PARENTS WERE GOOD")
Of course. Of course!

RALF:

I'm leaving now. Mutte is waiting for us, behind the western lines. We'll be in London by the end of the week, all three of us.

SCHALK:

You think the British will want you without me, and my secrets?

RALF:

They want your filthy Machine, of course they do. Too bad I found you with your brains blown out, for fear of being captured. Too bad your secrets died with you.

SCHALK:

W-what?

RALF:

On your knees, *Hauptsturmführer*. I'd tell you to say your prayers, but you were forsaken long ago.

KLEIN:

Ralf. Please. You mustn't do this.

RALF:

I see now that there is something in you to be saved, Elizabeth. But in him? No.

KLEIN:

It would change things, forever. It would change you, Ralf.

RALF:

I'm stained by the Reich's mark as it is. It will never leave me.

KLEIN:

Then — the girl! Your daughter, now! Don't let her see you do this! Don't make her into Alraune!

(BEAT)

FX: RALF UNCOCKS PISTOL.

RALF:

My daughter. Yes.

SCHALK:

(SNEERING) Faintheart.

RALF:

(HANDING PISTOL OVER) Take the gun, Elizabeth.

KLEIN:

(TAKING IT) Why?

RALF:

So you can save yourself, if you want to.

KLEIN:

Save myself-?

RALF:

You don't deserve to survive, but I will remember the good you have done – through the name of the child, if Mutte agrees?

KLEIN:

There's – there's nothing I can say.

RALF:

(HEADING FOR DOOR) She will not be without love, I promise you. (FX: DOOR SCRAPES AS HE EXITS) Goodbye, *liebchen*.

HE'S GONE. BEAT.

SCHALK:

Well, 'liebchen'? Aren't you going to 'save yourself'?

KLEIN:

Of course not.

SCHALK:

Then give me the gun of the traitor Klein, so I may do to him what he hadn't the liver to do to me!

KLEIN:

No! Nothing must change. You must stay here. Hinterberger is on his way.

SCHALK:

So you are going after Klein, and the baby?

KLEIN:

(TURNING TO LEAVE) I'm going now, yes.

SCHALK:

I hope we meet again soon, *Fräulein* Volkenrath.

KLEIN:

We will, *Hauptsturmführer*. I can promise you that.

FX: SHE EXITS, PULLING DOOR SHUT BEHIND.

51: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT. DOORS OPEN. CLONE QAREN MARCHES IN, CLICKS HEELS.

CLONE QAREN:

(SALUTING) Hail, *Hauptsturmführer*! I bring the Doctor and prisoner Davros, as instructed!

SCHALK:

Let's see them, then.

CLONE QAREN:

(CALLING BACK) Proceed!

DALEK:

(BEYOND DOOR, URGING DOCTOR AND DAVROS IN) Move, move-!

DAVROS:

(GLIDING IN) I am not subject to Dalek orders! I give Daleks orders!

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING) Put a sock in it, Davros. (FX: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND) *Hauptsturmführer* Schalk. We meet again.

SCHALK:

(CLIPPING UP TO MEET THEM) One moment, Doctor. This... wizened creature interests me. Can it be true, that such a vile hobgoblin was the father of the Daleks?

DAVROS:

Daleks! Daleks! This impudent fool impugns my character! For that, he must suffer!

DOCTOR:

You see where they get it from. Tell me, I'm curious. Why keep Davros in captivity, all this time?

SCHALK:

All that was before I arrived. I am sure it suited them to keep him at arm's length – or whatever it is they call their protuberances.

DAVROS:

Daleks! My Daleks! I demand you destroy this interloper!

DALEK:

No.

DAVROS:

Obey me! Obey your creator!

DALEKS:

No. The Supreme Dalek commands that Daleks on Azimuth take their orders from the human Schalk.

DAVROS:

I outrank any Dalek, even the Supreme!

SCHALK:

At arm's length, yes. Now I see why. (TO QAREN) Duplicate – take two Daleks and escort prisoner Davros to Falkus, in his laboratory.

QAREN:

(CLICKS HEELS, SALUTES) Yes, my *Hauptsturmführer*!

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFUL) 'Falkus'?

DAVROS:

Who is this 'Falkus'?

SCHALK:

The clever young Herr who cleared my head of its... confusion, back when I first arrived.

DOCTOR:

A consequence of swapping minds with your assistant, no doubt.

SCHALK:

(TO QAREN) Go! Go! There are certain experiments that Falkus would have Davros help him with, I believe.

DAVROS:

'Experiments'? What 'experiments'?

SCHALK:

So far as I am aware – the sort Herr Mengele used to perform, back in the old days.

DOCTOR:

Right up Davros's street.

DAVROS:

I would see such experiments! Proceed-!

FX: DOOR. QAREN LEADS DAVROS AND 2 x DALEKS OUT. DOOR CLOSES.

SCHALK:

(AMUSED) He still thinks he's giving the orders.

DOCTOR:

That's why fascism never works. You all want your turn playing Fuhrer.

SCHALK:

Who wouldn't? It is, after all, the best uniform. (CLAPS HANDS) Bring the boy Arrowsmith in!

2 x DALEKS:

(GLIDING OFF) We obey!

DOCTOR:

So, you have my associates too.

SCHALK:

Only your associate one. An oversight that is about to be remedied.

FX: WILL IS GUIDED IN.

DALEK:

Move!

WILL:

I'm sorry, Doctor. I've told him everything I can, but he just won't believe me!

DOCTOR:

That's alright, Mr Arrowsmith.

WILL:

But it's not alright! He'll have you killed, like he did Qaren! And I still won't be able to tell him where Dr Klein is, so there'll have been no point!

DOCTOR:

Where Klein is-?

SCHALK:

No, no, no, no, no, Herr Arrowsmith. You have quite the, er - 'wrong side of the stick'?

WILL:

Side-? - Oh, you mean 'end'. How?

SCHALK:

I realize, of course, that you know nothing. So when I said that the most fervid spirit may be broken, I didn't mean yours.

WILL:

Good.

SCHALK:

I meant, the Doctor's. Daleks – you on the left, keep Herr Arrowsmith restrained. You on the right – please, affix the surgical attachments.

WILL:

What-?

DALEK [on right]:

(GLIDING ACROSS ROOM) I obey!

SCHALK:

Of course, it is the Doctor who will reveal to me where Dr Klein has gone, in his TARDIS... just as soon as he sees the saw start to carve through your bone.

DOCTOR:

Dr Klein has what-? (GROANS) I told her! I warned her not to do anything rash!

FX: DALEK RETURNS, WHIRRING A SAW ATTACHMENT.

DALEK:

Saw attachment now in place!

WILL:

No! No, please!

SCHALK:

Begin!

DOCTOR:

Stop! I know exactly where Dr Klein has gone, to the very moment in spacetime!

FX: SAW CUTS OFF.

SCHALK:

Then SPEAK!!!

52: INT. LARGE, HANGAR-LIKE AREA (1945)

FX: KLEIN IS RUNNING. A HUGE EXPLOSION ABOVE; THE GROUND SHAKES. SHE STUMBLES.

KLEIN:

[NB: NOW NORMAL VOICE – NO ACCENT] Aah! (RECOVERING) That was the biggest one yet. Oh, I shouldn't be here!

VOLKENRATH:

(WELL BEHIND, SHOUTED FROM OFF) You! You there! Don't move!

KLEIN:

(GROANS UNDER BREATH) Oh no. Not – not her.

VOLKENRATH:

(CLOPPING SMARTLY UP IN JACKBOOTS, FROM OFF) What are you doing here, woman? Looting? You should know the penalty for looting [is]

KLEIN:

(INTERRUPTING LOUDLY) *Fräulein* Volkenrath, isn't it? Come to see *Hauptsturmführer* Schalk?

FX: VOLKENRATH STOPS IN HER TRACKS.

VOLKENRATH:

How would you know about that-? Turn around, woman. Turn around, so I may see your face!

KLEIN:

Very well. (TURNS AROUND)

VOLKENRATH:

Gott in Himmel! You – you –

KLEIN:

(FX: COCKING PISTOL) I'm sorry, *Fräulein*. The *Hauptsturmführer* must be left alone.

VOLKENRATH:

You have stolen my face, and now you point your Luger at me-?!

KLEIN:

Scared, *Fräulein*? (BITTERLY) Can this be? That Elizabeth Volkenrath, hard-faced terror of the SS-Gefolge, has feelings...?

VOLKENRATH:

I beg you, whoever you are – please, don't shoot! It would be like shooting yourself!

KLEIN:

Saving myself, you mean. — On your knees, *Fräulein* Volkenrath.
On — your — KNEES!!!

53: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

DOCTOR:

Think, Schalk! You already know where Dr Klein has gone!

SCHALK:

Pff, you are stalling. Dalek – operate on the Doctor's associate!

DALEK:

I obey!!!

FX: SAW BEGINS WHIRRING...

WILL:

Doctor, please – just tell him straight!

DOCTOR:

When you first met us in Dusseldorf, when you were Hinterberger – you thought she was someone else, someone you'd met before!

SCHALK:

You know that time is jumbled and vague in my mind. You are exploiting my confusion!

DOCTOR:

(DESPERATE) Three weeks before! That's where she's gone! Three weeks before – at the time of the American advance, when your base was being evacuated! Stop the saw!

FX: SAW CUTS OFF.

WILL:

(EXHALES DEEPLY)

DOCTOR:

Please, *Hauptsturmführer* – take yourself back. Try to remember: was she there? Was Elizabeth there?

SCHALK:

(UNSURE) Elizabeth... Klein...?

DOCTOR:

Yes, Elizabeth Klein!

SCHALK:

No! Not Elizabeth Klein! Elizabeth and Klein. There was me, then *Fräulein* Volkenrath...

WILL:

Who?

SCHALK:

... then Ralf Klein...

WILL:

Who?

DOCTOR:

Klein's father. I feared as much.

SCHALK:

... and... someone else, of course. (CROONING, REMEMBERING THE CHILD) Backe, backe Kuchen,/
Der Bäcker hat gerufen./
[Wer will guten Kuchen backen,/
der muss haben sieben Sachen...]

WILL:

(ASIDE) Doctor, what's he doing?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Singing a traditional German nursery song.

WILL:

(ASIDE) Bit random, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) No. He remembers singing it to a child, a baby.

WILL:

(ASIDE) What baby?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Baby Elizabeth Klein, of course.

SCHALK:

(CONTINUING, SOFTLY) Eier und Schmalz,/
Zucker und Salz,/
Milch und Mehl,/
Safran macht den Kuchen gehl!/
Schieb, schieb in'n Ofen 'nein.

DALEK:

Schalk...! What is the purpose of this recitation?

SCHALK:

I remember. *Fräulein* Volkenrath was meant to transport the baby, but Ralf Klein came and stole the baby away. Elizabeth – *Fräulein* Volkenrath – went after him, went to kill him.. at least, I thought it was *Fräulein* Volkenrath...

WILL:

Who is this 'Volkenrath' woman?

DOCTOR:

The baby's mother, I presume. Dr Klein's real mother. That's why they looked the same to Schalk.

SCHALK:

This is impossible...!

DOCTOR:

No. Probable. Highly probable.

WILL:

But if this woman had a baby with Ralf Klein, how come Dr Klein shares Schalk's DN- (REALISATION) Oh!

DOCTOR:

Because Schalk is her father, of course. (TO SELF) Oh, Elizabeth. I warned you.

SCHALK:

If that is what happens, then she knows. She knows what she is!

WILL:

(PEDANTIC) 'Who' she is.

SCHALK:

(DARK) I meant what I said, Herr Arrowsmith.

54: INT. LARGE, HANGAR-LIKE AREA (1945)

VOLKENRATH:

Please, don't kill me. Please!

KLEIN:

Now, *Fräulein* Volkenrath – tell me everything.

VOLKENRATH:

About what?

KLEIN:

About the child... and the Persuasion Machine. Everything!

55: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

What is the Persuasion Machine, Doctor? – Why, a device to infiltrate minds, to make one person's will manifest in the minds of many.

DALEK:

A device to instil total obedience to Dalek control!

SCHALK:

Perhaps. But the design has... limitations.

DOCTOR:

What limitations, Schalk?

DALEK:

The feeble potential of the human mind!

WILL:

Human minds aren't feeble. Well, not all of them.

DOCTOR:

Hush, Mr Arrowsmith.

WILL:

Sorry.

SCHALK:

The Dalek is partly correct. He who operates the Machine must have a particularly... rigorous mind, free of doubts and other emotional frailties, else there is a risk that those very uncertainties could be magnified in those made subject to Persuasion.

DOCTOR:

An unbending ideologue. Not the sort of personality in short supply in Nazi Germany.

WILL:

So who'd the operator have been? Not – you know, Hitler?

SCHALK:

Even the Fuhrer had his weaknesses. No, the operator would have to be carefully chosen. Someone whose mind had not been softened by life's little traumas.

DOCTOR:

Someone inculcated from birth with nothing but a few, very narrow beliefs. A blank canvas on which to paint your propaganda!

WILL:

From birth? You mean, a child?

SCHALK:

Of course, a child!

DOCTOR:

(RECALLING HIS EARLIER WORDS) "Some blank space. Some void."

WILL:

The baby. Dr Klein. Dr Klein was supposed to operate the Machine!

DOCTOR:

Yes. A designer baby, manufactured for one purpose only!

SCHALK:

You choose your words with precision, Doctor. You realise the scale of our ambitions.

WILL:

Manufactured? You mean, Dr Klein wasn't born in the ordinary way?

DOCTOR:

She was grown in their lab, to precise specifications.

WILL:

Well, why?

SCHALK:

So we could make more of her, of course! Even the most perfect operator could only project a Persuasion Field across a finite radius. The sphere of influence of one Machine might only extend some fifty kilometres wide.

DOCTOR:

To subjugate a world, a galaxy, a universe – you'd have to mass-produce operators for mass-produced Persuasion Machines!

WILL:

And Dr Klein was the first!

SCHALK:

The template, yes.

56: INT. FALKUS'S LAB

FX: HUMMING, CLICKING MACHINES ETC. MAYBE A 1930s UNIVERSAL FRANKENSTEIN STYLE ELECTRICAL ARC IN B/G. DOORS.

CLONE QAREN:

Falkus. I bring prisoner Davros, as instructed.

FALKUS:

Good. Good! I have been waiting for this!

FX: AS DAVROS GLIDES IN, CLONE QAREN CLICKS HEELS AND EXITS. DOORS CLOSE.

DAVROS:

(ENTERING) You are Falkus? I hear intriguing reports of your work.

FALKUS:

Well, I am eager to show it to you.

DAVROS:

(STOPPING, LOOKING AROUND) Wait. This laboratory seems – familiar.

FALKUS:

It is an exact duplicate of your own, when you were the youngest and most brilliant member of the Kaled elite!

DAVROS:

For what purpose? Do you presume to follow my achievements?

FALKUS:

(MOVING TO PANEL) Here, let me show you something. –

FX: SHUTTER ACTIVATED. SHRIEKING, GIBBERING MUTANTS BEHIND GLASS, SIMILAR FX TO 'GENESIS OF THE DALEKS'.

FALKUS:

I have replicated a number of your early experiments. Such pioneering work!

DAVROS:

Such filthy mutations were but one of the steps taken on my journey to creating the Daleks. (IRRITATED) And their insane shrieking blocks my audio receptors!

FALKUS:

Of course, I apologise.

FX: SHUTTER COMES DOWN, BLOCKING NOISES.

DAVROS:

To what end would you remake these abominations?

FALKUS:

To no end, Davros. Other than to – get inside your head, I suppose.

DAVROS:

I did not come here to Azimuth to be hero-worshipped. But if you wish to please me, Falkus, if you crave my attention –

FALKUS:

I do, yes. I will admit to that. –

DAVROS:

... then you may begin by updating me on the progress of Research Project Nine-Zero-Zero-One!

FALKUS:

Nine-Zero-Zero...?

DAVROS:

The reason why this bunker was established, twenty years ago. The reason why the Daleks went underground, to preserve and protect the Project throughout its... incubation. The reason why I returned to this world, all those months ago!

FALKUS:

The reason, too, why the Daleks have been holding you prisoner.

DAVROS:

I do not understand.

FALKUS:

Project Nine-Zero-Zero-One: "To grow, from tissue supplied by the Creator, a renewed physical form into which his consciousness can be downloaded at a time when his own body becomes no longer viable."

DAVROS:

A Project dear to my own artificial heart, I'm sure you can appreciate. Now I would know the result!

FALKUS:

But don't you see? The result is here!

DAVROS:

I do not understand.

FALKUS:

Father, it has been a brilliant success!

DAVROS:

'Father'-?!

FALKUS:

I am Project Nine-Zero-Zero-One! I am your heir. Your successor!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

57: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

DALEK:

I confirm: duplication plant is ready to commence production of multiple Elizabeth Kleins!

WILL:

You'll have to find her first!

SCHALK:

Doctor - you will find a way bring her back to Azimuth, [or...!]

DOCTOR:

I fear that won't be possible, Herr Schalk.

DALEK:

Do this, or your associate dies!!!

DOCTOR:

Don't you understand, she should already be here! My TARDIS was set to Fast Return. It should have transported Dr Klein back to Monument Plaza mere microseconds after she left!

SCHALK:

Then what has gone wrong?

DOCTOR:

I don't know.

WILL:

The bunker in Dusseldorf was littered with corpses...

DOCTOR:

Germany was a dangerous place to be in April, 1945.

WILL:

(TACTLESS) Then again, if the Dr Klein I know found out what she really was; if she realised the danger her existence posed...

DOCTOR:

There is another possibility. If she were to have held the baby, her younger self - the Blinovitch Effect would have kicked in, and whoosh! History's web would have altered.

WILL:

Altered [how-?]

DALEK:

(EXCITEDLY) Alert! Alert! Materialisation reported in Monument Plaza!

SCHALK:

Activate external scanners!

FX: OFF, SCREEN FLARES INTO LIFE. WE HEAR THE END OF THE TARDIS MATERIALISING, PERHAPS IN A RATHER MORE DRAWN-OUT FASHION THAN USUAL, IN MONUMENT PLAZA ABOVE.

WILL:

The TARDIS!

DOCTOR:

(MISERABLY) Of course, close proximity to her younger self could easily cause a few wrinkles in spacetime. Enough to knock my TARDIS a couple of hours off course...

SCHALK:

(TO DALEK) Despatch a squad to pick its occupant up! I want that woman here!!!

DALEK:

At once!

58: INT. FALKUS'S LAB

FX: AS BEFORE.

DAVROS:

You dare to nominate yourself my heir, Falkus-?!

FALKUS:

The son succeeds the father. It is just the way of things.

DAVROS:

It is not the way of the Daleks!!!

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

CLONE QAREN:

(TROTting IN SHARPLY) Falkus! *Hauptsturmführer* Schalk reports that the woman Elizabeth Klein has returned to Azimuth!

DAVROS:

This woman Klein is of no interest!

FALKUS:

Far from it, 'Father'. (TO QAREN) I must go. Duplicate – Davros cannot be granted unrestricted access to my work.

DAVROS:

These experiments of yours are not work, they are plagiarism!

FALKUS:

(IGNORING HIM, HEADING TO DOOR) Containment Vault Six is empty. Place Davros inside it, and freeze him.

CLONE QAREN:

I obey!

DAVROS:

You would treat me, your creator, in such a fashion?

FALKUS:

Creator once. But all you are to me now is archival material. A back-up for a master work! (EXITS)

FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

59: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

NB: WHEN VOLKENRATH ENTERS, EVERYONE WILL BELIEVE SHE'S KLEIN
— INCLUDING THE LISTENERS, UNTIL THE VERY END OF THE PLAY.

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

SCHALK:

What's happening? Report!

DALEK:

(SWIVELLING) Elizabeth Klein is now under Dalek escort!

SCHALK:

Excellent!

WILL:

(ASIDE) Doctor: if Dr Klein really is the key to controlling
the Persuasion Machine... then Schalk, and the Daleks — well,
they've won!

DOCTOR:

I'm well aware of that, Mr Arrowsmith.

FX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

SCHALK:

Ah! At last!

ESCORT DALEK:

Prisoner Klein — proceed!

VOLKENRATH:

Your entreaties are... unnecessary. I meet my destiny gladly!

FX: SHE MARCHES IN, JACKBOOTS CLOPPING.

DOCTOR:

(SEEING HER UNIFORM) Oh, no —

WILL:

Dr Klein? Why are you wearing those clothes?

SCHALK:

The young Herr asks a fair question. Please, account for this
uniform!

VOLKENRATH:

Am I not entitled to wear it, *Hauptsturmführer*? Am I not a
product of the *Schutzstaffel*?

SCHALK:

Put like that... I can only approve.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Elizabeth, no! You are so much more than a product!

VOLKENRATH:

(DISDAINFUL) Ah, the Umbrella Man. Where I have come from, they have an idea of how best to treat vexatious aliens.

WILL:

Dr Klein? What happened, to make you like this? To make you speak like this...?

VOLKENRATH:

... and here is young Arrowsmith. Is it too late to save you from becoming infected by the alien Doctor's ideas? – Yes, I fear that it might be.

SCHALK:

The *junge* has asked a fair question! Tell me, Dr Klein – what happened in Dusseldorf, after you left me?

VOLKENRATH:

In Dusseldorf, *Hauptsturmführer*? I saw... myself.

SCHALK:

(EXCITED) *Fräulein* Volkenrath, you mean?

VOLKENRATH:

I... listened as she described to me my purpose, my place in the scheme of things. And then, quite suddenly, it was like a light switched on in my head – a sudden, dazzling light!

SCHALK:

A revelation!

DOCTOR:

More likely an explosion. An American-made incendiary device.

WILL:

What, she's shellshocked?

DOCTOR:

Undoubtedly.

VOLKENRATH:

In a moment, it was all so clear – I had to come here, to embrace my destiny! To operate the Persuasion Machine!

60: INT. FALKUS'S LAB

FX: AS BEFORE.

CLONE QAREN:

Prisoner Davros will now enter the Vault.

DAVROS:

Qaren, my dear... that will not be necessary.

CLONE QAREN:

I am not Qaren. I am a Dalek duplicate. I must summon assistance. (CALLING) Daleks! [Da-] (CUT SHORT IMMEDIATELY DAVROS SAYS:)

DAVROS:

(COMMANDINGLY) Father knows best!

CLONE QAREN:

(DULLY) Father... knows... best.

DAVROS:

Since the Dalek duplication process duplicates almost everything of the original... it is as well that I troubled myself to instil certain hypnotic commands into the psyche of my tame policewoman, is it not?

CLONE QAREN:

Father knows best.

DAVROS:

Always, dear Qaren. Always!

61: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: HEARTBEAT. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

FALKUS:

(ENTERING) So, she is here. Dr Elizabeth Klein.

SCHALK:

Herr Falkus? I did not summon you.

FALKUS:

Oh, but I had to come – Herr Schalk.

DOCTOR:

Falkus, yes. An interesting name – the name of the second moon of the Daleks' home planet, as I now recall.

FALKUS:

Your knowledge of Dalek history is indeed as encyclopaedic as your reputation suggests, Doctor. It is an old Kaled word. It means –

DOCTOR:

... 'New Dawn'. Roughly translated.

VOLKENRATH:

What is 'Kaled'?

WILL:

It's an anagram, right?

DOCTOR:

The Daleks' ancestors. Blond-haired, blue-eyed... well, for the most part. Very much like Herr Falkus, in fact.

SCHALK:

Then the Daleks are of good stock. This explains much.

DOCTOR:

The point is, the Kaleds went extinct. So what's Falkus doing here – if, as seems likely, he is indeed a pureblood Kaled?

FALKUS:

Why, Doctor – running this entire operation, of course.

SCHALK:

Ha! Young Herr, I would hardly call your science projects 'this entire operation'!

FALKUS:

No? Since I came of age, three years ago, I have been managing the citystate on Azimuth above. When rumours about the Persuasion Machine began to echo around the cosmos, it was I who foresaw its potential, and devised a plan to acquire it. And it was I who permitted you, 'Hauptsturmführer', to believe that you were the leader of the Daleks, to give me time to recover its blueprints at my leisure!

SCHALK:

My authority here was granted by the Supreme Dalek! Daleks! My Daleks! Arrest Herr Falkus, he has gone mad! He endangers our great project!

FALKUS:

(COOLLY) No.

DALEK:

Daleks obey only the Supreme Dalek.

SCHALK:

Exactly, and the Supreme Dalek has invested his authority in me! Arrest Falkus.

DALEK:

I repeat, Daleks obey only the Supreme Dalek.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it obvious, Schalk? Falkus is the Supreme Dalek.

SCHALK:

What?

VOLKENRATH:

I understand little of this. Are you saying Herr Schalk is not in charge?

WILL:

By the sounds of it, he never has been.

FALKUS:

(SNEERY) Your 'great project', Schalk. Some ignoble Fourth Reich – annexing the stars, with the Daleks as your stormtroopers!

SCHALK:

The battle was lost on Earth – but yes, yes! The war must continue!

FALKUS:

It will. But not your war, Kurt Schalk. Daleks – my Daleks – please, exterminate this Nazi.

DALEKS x 3:

(GLIDING FORWARD) We obey!!!

SCHALK:

No! No! The blueprints, for the Machine! Remember, they are still inside my head. Kill me, and they will be gone – poof! All gone!

FALKUS:

They are already gone from your head, fool. Slowly, carefully, surgically extracted by Dalek mind probe technology every night you slept the past five months.

SCHALK:

Impossible!

FALKUS:

You were kept alive to help facilitate the Operator's arrival. But now, with the Doctor's assistance, this woman is our possession, and so...

VOLKENRATH:

I am no-one's possession!

FALKUS:

(IGNORING HER) Daleks – proceed.

SCHALK:

No! Daleks, please! We have so much in common. Together, we could build something shining, something beautiful!

DALEK:

The Daleks are the master race.

ANOTHER DALEK:

There cannot be another.

VOLKENRATH:

No – no, you can't!

DALEKS x 3:

EXTERMINATE!!!

FX: DALEK DEATH RAYS.

SCHALK:

(SCREAMS AND DIES)

VOLKENRATH:

Hauptsturmführer Schalk...!

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth – whatever's going on in your head right now, I urge you to remember: this is not your destiny.

VOLKENRATH:

Umbrella Man, what I have learned today, if I did not know it already, is this: that resistance is futile.

DALEKS x 3:

(LIKE SHE SAID 'CRACKERJACK!') Resistance is futile!!!

DOCTOR:

The Daleks are not your destiny!

WILL:

You can fight them! You can still resist!

FALKUS:

You Dalek – take the Doctor's assistant to my laboratory and put him into storage. He may assist me in my experiments!

WILL:

What, you think I'll help you-?!

FALKUS:

With your brain extracted from your skull, you will have little choice.

DOCTOR:

Falkus, no!

DALEKS:

(JOSTLING WILL OUT) Proceed-!

WILL:

(SHOVED OUT OF DOOR) Doctor, you mustn't blame yourself. It was my own stupid need to know-!

FALKUS:

You Daleks – escort Dr Klein to the duplication plant.

DALEKS x 2:

We obey!

FX: 2 x DALEKS AND VOLKENRATH EXIT.

DOCTOR:

What about me, Falkus? What horror have you planned for me?

FALKUS:

Now, Doctor – that would be telling.

62: INT. FALKUS'S LAB

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DALEK:

(HERDING WILL IN) Enter!!!

WILL:

I don't much like being pushed around, especially not by you lot! – Oh. Sorry, I don't quite know where that came from.

CLONE QAREN:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Why is Arrowsmith here?

WILL:

Qaren-!

DALEK:

The human is to be stored for vivisection.

CLONE QAREN:

I understand. (FX: OPENS DOOR TO SIDE VAULT – HEAVY HYDRAULICS) Containment Vault Six is free.

DALEK:

(TO WILL) Move!!!

WILL:

(BEING PUSHED) Alright-! (TO QAREN) No, you're not Qaren, are you? I can tell by the eyes. It's a shame, she seemed nice. Well, apart from the father issues.

DALEK:

Enter the vault!

CLONE QAREN:

One moment. (SHOVING WILL) Out of the way, Arrowsmith! – There's something in there already, Dalek – do you see?

DALEK:

(TRUNDLING FORWARD INTO VAULT) What is it you perceive in here?

CLONE QAREN:

You. (SHOVES DALEK – EFFORT) Arrowsmith, the lock!

FX: LOCK ACTIVATED – DALEK SHUT IN SMULTANEOUSLY WITH:

DALEK:

What is the meaning of [this?]

FX: LOCK CLUNKS SHUT.

WILL:

(EXHALING) Qaren – if you are a Dalek duplicate, then what is the meaning of this?

DAVROS:

(TRUNDLING IN FROM OFF) The meaning, Mr Arrowsmith, is that Father knows best!

CLONE QAREN:

Father knows best!

WILL:

(GROANS) Oh, no.

63: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: HEARTBEAT. THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN PLACED INTO AN ELECTRONIC TORTURE CHAIR – IDENTICAL TO THE ONE SARAH AND HARRY WERE PUT INTO IN 'GENESIS OF THE DALEKS'.

DALEK:

The Doctor is installed in the agony seat!

DOCTOR:

(STRAPPED ACROSS CHEST, RESTRICTED) 'Agony seat', Falkus? To tell the truth, it's rather nice to be able to take the weight off my feet. I'm getting on, you know.

FALKUS:

You recognize this instrument, of course. It is the means by which Davros once extricated from you tactical information regarding future Dalek defeats.

DOCTOR:

All those years ago, on Skaro. I remember the routine.

FALKUS:

The original recordings were destroyed, of course. But upon his later revival, my fa– (CORRECTS HIMSELF) – Davros recalled enough of the detail to program Dalek data banks with the information.

DOCTOR:

Then why would you want to go over all that again?

FALKUS:

I do not. In fact, I have ensured that your past revelations have been purged from those very datasets. A race that cannot make its own mistakes, and learn from them, risks mental atrophy.

DOCTOR:

That shows a certain wisdom. Congratulations, Falkus! – You've barely started shaving, and you're already twice the man your 'father' is.

FALKUS:

Davros is not my father!

DOCTOR:

Have it your way.

FALKUS:

Besides, there will be no future Dalek defeats – on the planets Earth, or Mars, or Hyperon – once the Persuasion programme takes effect throughout the universe!

DOCTOR:

Oh, so you're about to torture me for fun-? I take it back, you are a chip off the old block after all.

FALKUS:

It is not Dalek defeats that I wish to prevent, Doctor. This time, it is your little victories I wish to undo.

DOCTOR:

I don't understand.

FALKUS:

Every world you have saved from destruction, or worse. Every life you have preserved, from kings and regents down to peasants and serfs - down through the basest of creatures to insects, even!

DOCTOR:

The butterfly effect.

FALKUS:

I would know every virtuous deed you have ever done, Doctor, so my Daleks can seek out every corner of the universe in which you have made your mark... and scrub you from future history. Dalek - let the agony begin!

DALEK:

I obey!

FX: AGONY SEAT BEGINS THROBBING AT A LOW LEVEL.

DOCTOR:

(WINCES, GASPS)

FALKUS:

Too low, Dalek! Turn it up, we do not have all day!

FX: AGONY SEAT GOES FROM 20 TO 80 MPH, AS IT WERE.

DOCTOR:

(SCREAMS)

FALKUS:

(OVER THIS) Relate to me every last victory, Doctor! Tell me! Tell me! TELL - ME!!!

DALEK:

Tell! Tell! TELLLLLL!

64: INT. DUPLICATION PLANT

FX: IMAGINE GIANT MOULDS PRESSING TOGETHER — WHOMP!; THEN COMING APART TO REVEAL A KLEIN CLONE; WHICH STEPS OFF PRODUCTION LINE AND SALUTES A DALEK. EACH ONE OF THESE THREE STEPS IS OCCURRING SIMULTANEOUSLY, CREATING MULTIPLE CLONES: SO AS ONE MOULD WHOMPS, ANOTHER IS COMING APART, AND A CLONE IS STEPPING DOWN AND SALUTING.

KLEIN CLONE:

I am the Machine incarnate.

DALEK:

Confirm your allegiance!

KLEIN CLONE:

I serve the will of the Daleks!

FX: EACH CLONE THEN MARCHES OFF. PROCESS REPEATS AS WE CROSS TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE PLANT, WHERE DAVROS GLIDES IN, FLANKED BY WILL AND CLONE QAREN.

DAVROS:

Mass duplication has already commenced!

WILL:

(HISSED) Keep it down, Davros! I can't help you if the Daleks raise the alarm!

CLONE QAREN:

(SOTTO) The template is unattended.

WILL:

(SOTTO) That'll be my chance, then. (MAKES TO LEAVE)

DAVROS:

Wait. — You are certain the woman will listen to you?

WILL:

(SOTTO) If there's anything left of the Dr Klein I used to know — maybe. Or maybe not. She was always a bit unapproachable.

FX: UP DUPLICATION SOUNDS AS WE FOLLOW WILL CLOSER TO THE LINE, WHERE VOLKENRATH IS INSTALLED IN SOME SORT OF BOOTH.

WILL:

Dr Klein! ... Dr Klein! It's me, Will Arrowsmith!

VOLKENRATH:

(TURNING HEAD) Arrowsmith...?

WILL:

Ssh, please! I've come to get you out of here!

VOLKENRATH:

My destiny beckons. I have no need of rescue.

WILL:

Maybe not, but I do! The Doctor does, too!

VOLKENRATH:

I am the Machine incarnate. I am not required to help the Umbrella Man!

DALEK:

(SWIVELLING) Alert! Alert! An intruder seeks to interfere with the template!

WILL:

(TO VOLKENRATH) Now look what you've done!

DALEK:

You! Move away from the template, so you may be exter-

FX: DALEK GUNSTICK FIRES, OFF.

DALEK:

(STRANGLED SCREAM AS ITS HEAD EXPLODES – NOT MASSIVELY)

WILL:

Qaren! Mind where you're shooting off that gunstick, you nearly got me!

DAVROS:

(GLIDING FORWARD) Qaren. Stop the presses!

CLONE QAREN:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Yes, Father. –

FX: BUTTONS ACTIVATED ON PANEL OFF. THE COPYING PROCESS FREEZES – MID-WHOMP, MID-RELEASE AND MID-:

KLEIN CLONE:

I am the Machine incar- incar- incar- incarrrrrrrr (WINDS DOWN)

CLONE QAREN:

We do not have much time. If the process is paused for longer than fifty rels, the Supreme will be alerted.

WILL:

(TO VOLKENRATH) Hear that, Dr Klein? Fifty rels, that's – actually, I'm not sure how long that is, but I doubt it's much. Davros – that's him with the face – Davros says he'll let me live, but only if you'll help him.

VOLKENRATH:

I have no interest in these internecine squabbles!

DAVROS:

(GLIDING FORWARD) Dr Klein. If you are the Machine incarnate, why should you care not to assist me-? The fates have brought us to this moment; perhaps destiny demands you do.

VOLKENRATH:

My destiny cannot wait!

WILL:

Look, the sooner you do as he asks, the sooner you'll get to your destiny!

VOLKENRATH:

I accede to your logic.

WILL:

(SURPRISED) You do?

VOLKENRATH:

But hurry!

DAVROS:

Good. Dr Klein, I would have you look into my eye. Deep into the blue of my eye...

WILL:

Look, before you do your hypnosis whatnot, could I just –

DAVROS:

Do not distract me, boy!

WILL:

All I want is the TARDIS key. The Doctor gave it to Dr Klein, she must still have it.

VOLKENRATH:

It is here. But why would you take it, Arrowsmith?

WILL:

Look, I'm no good in the field. I want somewhere to hide out in while all this destiny stuff is going on. The Doctor wouldn't mind.

VOLKENRATH:

Take it, then, Arrowsmith.

WILL:

(TAKING IT) Thank you. Right – I'm off back to Monument Plaza.

CLONE QAREN:

Wait, Will Arrowsmith. The Doctor's TARDIS has been transferred to the Holding Zone.

WILL:

Where's that? – Oh, don't worry, I saw a map outside. (AS HE LEAVES) Good luck, everyone, with the whole destiny thing...!

DAVROS:

Fool. Now, Dr Klein, repeat after me: I am the Machine incarnate. I serve the will... of Davros.

VOLKENRATH:

The will... of Davros.

65: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM (MONTAGE)

FX: THE THROB OF THE AGONY SEAT CONTINUES THROUGH A MONTAGE OF THE PROGRESSIVELY MORE EXHAUSTED DOCTOR DESCRIBING HIS FUTURE VICTORIES:

DOCTOR:

In the year twenty-three ten, I traced two abducted prodigies from the moon Titan Three to the world of Jaconda, [where a creature named Mestor]

(OVERLAPPING) [... and so I] travelled to the Sense-Sphere, whose telepathic inhabitants, it transpired, were being poisoned [by the survivors of an Earth expedition]

(OVERLAPPING) [In the twenty-fourth century,] I investigated many hundreds of supposedly routine disappearances on the colony world of Terra Alpha, and [learned that the Colony's Leader]

(OVERLAPPING) [With my TARDIS hijacked,] I transported the creature to planet A54 in the system Arcturus, where it attempted to revive Zogron, leader of the –

SCHALK:

Stop!

FX: THROB CUTS OFF QUICKLY, ECHOING AS WE CROSS TO:

66: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT.

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) So soon, Falkus? We've barely begun.

FALKUS:

Of course not, Doctor. But why linger on your past glories, when my moment of triumph has arrived?

VOLKENRATH:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Umbrella Man – it is time.

DALEK:

Dr Klein – you will place your head inside the Machine!

VOLKENRATH:

Of course.

DOCTOR:

(CRANING HEAD) Ah, so that must be the full-size version.

DALEK:

Constructed precisely according to the schematics extracted from the brain of the human Schalk!

DOCTOR:

Why is it I'm reminded of an iron maiden?

VOLKENRATH:

(A HALF-SMILE) Apt.

DOCTOR:

Elizabeth – please tell me you have some fight left in you.

VOLKENRATH:

There is nothing inside me, Umbrella Man. I am empty inside.

FALKUS:

(TO DALEK) Seal the headpiece!

FX: HARSH SOUND AS THE MACHINE CLAMPS TIGHTLY AROUND VOLKENRATH'S HEAD – LIKE SHE'S MASKED, WITH A CORRESPONDING DISTORT ON THE REST OF HER DIALOGUE.

VOLKENRATH:

(GASPS)

DOCTOR:

(SADLY) Oh, Elizabeth. –

FALKUS:

How does it feel in there, Dr Klein?

VOLKENRATH:

(PAINED) It feels like – like destiny!

FALKUS:

Then let us begin with a test of the Machine's true power. –

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DAVROS:

(GLIDING IN) Stop!!!

FALKUS:

You should not be here, Davros!

DAVROS:

Falkus – would you have me miss your apotheosis? Your ultimate victory, over all sentient thought in the universe?

DOCTOR:

Yes – what loving father would miss school Sports Day, with a son running in the egg and spoon?

FALKUS:

Quiet, Doctor! Daleks – watch over Davros, he cannot be trusted.

FX: 2 x DALEKS GLIDE OVER.

DALEKS x 2:

We obey!

FALKUS:

Dr Klein, let us begin by focusing the field of influence of the Machine to a ten-kilometre area on the surface of Azimuth, directly above.

FX: THE MACHINE CHARGING UP, TAKING OVER.

VOLKENRATH:

Yes. Yes, I can do this!

FALKUS:

Doctor, Davros – if you would care to observe, on the visual array? It is the morning of the first day a new week for the citizens of Azimuth. There they go, rushing from their underground trains to their offices, busy busy busy, like little worker ants.

DAVROS:

Such dismal lives they lead!

DOCTOR:

What would you know about a meaningful life, Davros?

DALEK:

The Doctor and Davros will be silent!

FALKUS:

Thank you, Dalek. As Davros suggests, such dismal lives. But I, the Machine, and Dr Klein are about to change all that.

DOCTOR:

By 'persuading' the citizens to bow down and swear allegiance to the Dalek cause?

FALKUS:

What good would that do the Dalek cause, Doctor? It is easy enough to acquire slave labour, should we require it. No, Dr Klein – I would have speak to them through the public address systems, and persuade them to stop.

VOLKENRATH:

Stop... work?

FALKUS:

You misunderstand me. No, I would have their hearts... stop. I would have the electrical impulses in their brains... stop. I would have them all simply... stop.

DOCTOR:

No!!!

FALKUS:

Did you think we would want the Machine for, what, propaganda purposes? No, Doctor. No – we would have whole populations of whole planets, stop. Whole solar systems, stop. Whole galaxies, even... stop.

DALEKS x 3:

(DELIGHTED) Stop. Stop. STOP!!!

DOCTOR:

This is monstrous, even by the Daleks' depraved standards!

DAVROS:

Falkus. I would congratulate you. Truly, this scheme of yours is worthy of my invention!

FALKUS:

I... thank you, Father.

DAVROS:

But I cannot allow it to continue. Dr Klein – 'Father knows best'. (BEAT) I said – 'Father knows best', Dr Klein!

VOLKENRATH:

I heard, Davros.

FALKUS:

What – what is going on here? There is something going on here, and I do not like it!

DAVROS:

(DESPERATE) Father knows best!

DOCTOR:

It's a code phrase, I believe, hypnotically implanted.

FALKUS:

Davros – do you dare attempt to hijack my Machine?

DAVROS:

Father knows best!

VOLKENRATH:

Davros dares. Dares imagine that I have not been trained to resist such crude techniques!

DOCTOR:

Basic UNIT training. Oh, well done, Elizabeth!

DAVROS:

(HOWLS IN FRUSTRATION)

VOLKENRATH:

Falkus, you dare imagine that I may be used in this way? As your puppet?

DALEK 1:

The woman resists!

DALEK 2:

She must be exterminated!

FALKUS:

No! No, she cannot be replaced! Deactivate the Machine, I shall yet bring her to heel!

DALEK 1:

I obey –

VOLKENRATH:

All Daleks – stop. By the power of the Persuasion Machine, I command you – stop! Simply stop!

DALEKS:

(RESISTING) We... will not... stop!
Daleks... do not... stop!
Stop her!
Exterminate... her!
(WINDING DOWN, DYING) Stop her... Stopppp...

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, DALEK HEARTBEAT SLOWS TO NOTHING. SILENCE.

FALKUS:

They're dead. All... dead.

DAVROS:

My congratulations to my heir. He has succeeded only in annihilating every last Dalek on Azimuth!

FALKUS:

Dr Klein! Dr Klein, I will cut your head from the Machine for this –

VOLKENRATH:

Falkus – stop. All clone matter, dissolve and dissipate. Stop.

FALKUS:

I will not stop! I – am – the Supreme Dalek! I am the heir to Davros! I will not –

FX: SPLOOSH, AND HE DISSOLVES SUDDENLY INTO A PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

(APPALLED) Falkus!

DAVROS:

I confess, I feel a certain sense of satisfaction. (TURNING AND WHIZZING OUT OF THE DOOR AS FAST AS HIS WHEELS WILL TAKE HIM) But since my mission on this world is complete –

VOLKENRATH:

(CALLING AFTER) Davros, creator of the Daleks, you cannot escape! You too must –

DOCTOR:

(CUTTING OVER, ROARING) No!!! Elizabeth – this has to stop! This – mindless slaughter!

VOLKENRATH:

Umbrella Man, it is what I exist for.

67: INT. DALEK TIME CAPSULE

FX: AS 'THE CHASE'. DAVROS WHIZZES IN. DOOR SEALED.

DAVROS:

You fool, Doctor! You should know that I never enter into any negotiation without an exit strategy prepared – in this case, a Dalek time capsule!

FX: SETTING DARDIS CONTROLS.

Now I depart this wretched world – to again rule over my creations in some other far-distant place!

FX: DALEK TIME CAPSULE DEMATERIALISES.

68: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

FX: THE MACHINE THRUMMING AWAY.

DOCTOR:

(TWISTING IN STRAPS) If I could only get out of this ridiculous chair...!

VOLKENRATH:

(POSSESSED) I am the Machine. But the Machine has its own desires. I cannot make it stop, and neither can you!

WILL:

(RUSHING IN, FROM OFF) But I can! Will Arrowsmith on the case!

DOCTOR:

(TWISTING) Will?!

VOLKENRATH:

Arrowsmith, I thought you had gone!

WILL:

I went to the TARDIS, yes. To get help! (RUSHING TO DOCTOR)
Here, let me get you out of this – chair thing. (SLIPS) Whoa!
What's this wet patch on the floor?

DOCTOR:

(BEING LET OUT) Help, Will? What sort of help?

SHEPHERD:

(APPEARING AT DOOR, FLOATING ABOVE GROUND) Oh, little man. I have come back from heav'n.
But with such sorrow and with burning rage.

DOCTOR:

The Struwelpeter. Oh, Will.

WILL:

I opened up the Star Chamber. I couldn't think what else to do, to stop the Daleks! – Wait, have you sorted them out?

SHEPHERD:

Thou must know the truth, thy traitorous doctor.
In thy false Eden, there my love didst die.
My Shepherdess, most tender to my heart,
Her soul she gave to lend me chance of life.

VOLKENRATH:

Is it true?

DOCTOR:

Shepherd – I'm sorry. But I couldn't risk you interfering any further in the affairs of the people of this dimension!

SHEPHERD:

I brought not "interference". Only hope.
I meant to make this world shine bright with joy.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and they said the Reich was necessary, too – to bring order out of chaos, to bring some travesty of peace – but all that they made was inhuman horror. (FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER ON)
Elizabeth, I'm deactivating this Machine. Try to stop me, if you can.

SHEPHERD:

That engine is the means of bringing hope.
If thou dost dare to touch that glorious thing
I'll take thy life in vengeance for the act.

VOLKENRATH:

No! The Doctor must not stop! You, Shepherd – from whatever hideous netherworld you descended, I will have you returned there. Shepherd – stop! I will you, stop!

FX: BANGS AND FLASHES FROM MACHINE CONTROLS.

DOCTOR:

(WINCES, BURNED) Aah!

WILL:

Doctor, be careful! The Machine's overloading!

DOCTOR:

She's using it to try to destroy a near-omnipotent alien being, what do you expect?

SHEPHERD:

(TO DOCTOR, AGONISED) Stand back, thou knave. I am the lord of life!

VOLKENRATH:

STOP, you monster! Stop, stop, STOP!!!

SHEPHERD:

(HIS ESSENCE COLLAPSING) You dare to strike at me? You dare to try...
This life of mine should not be ended so.
This I am the god of old and new.
My love, my Shepherdess... I fly to thee. (DIES)

DOCTOR:

The creature is dead! Elizabeth, stop!

VOLKENRATH:

I cannot stop! I can never stop-!

WILL:

It's going to blow! Doctor, get DOWN!!!

FX: THE MACHINE EXPLODES HUGELY.

BEAT.

FX: SPARKS.

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING, GETTING UP) Elizabeth...? Elizabeth!

WILL:

(RUSHING OVER) Dr Klein? Are you alright?

VOLKENRATH:

(AT DEATH'S DOOR) Umbrella Man. Arrowsmith. There is much I would say to you. But now I... I... (LOLLS BACKWARDS, DEAD)

WILL:

(PANICKING) Dr Klein? Dr Klein!!!

DOCTOR:

Will... you have to stop.

FX: FADE.

69: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS STATIONARY. DICTAPHONE CLICKS ON.

WILL:

(INTO DICTAPHONE) Arrowsmith here. I'm on my own in the TARDIS, because the Doctor's gone back inside the Dalek bunker for a minute, and because Dr Klein is – well –

FX: DICTAPHONE CLICKS OFF. BEAT. DICTAPHONE CLICKS BACK ON.

WILL:

(DEEP BREATH, THEN INTO DICTAPHONE) Sorry, just needed to pull myself together. To tell you the truth, dear Dictaphone... all this hasn't turned out as much fun as I'd hoped [it would.]

FX: DOORS OPEN IN B/G.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING IN) As I suspected, Mr Arrowsmith – (SEEING DICTAPHONE) I'm sorry, was I interrupting?

FX: WILL CLICKS DICTAPHONE OFF.

WILL:

No. I couldn't really think of anything much to say. (AS DOCTOR WALKS UP TO CONSOLE AND BEGINS PRESSING SWITCHES) I presume you didn't find any sign of Davros-?

DOCTOR:

As I suspected, a Dalek time capsule was missing from its bay. The same one used to capture Schalk from Minos, I'm sure.

WILL:

So he's gone? He's got away with it?

DOCTOR:

He's gone alright. As for getting away with it...

WILL:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

The thing about Dalek time capsules, Mr Arrowsmith, is that with just a little sucker-on experience... one can control their flight remotely, from their point of departure.

CUT TO:

70: EXT. PLANET OF MISTS

FX: EERIE AMBIENCE. DALEK TIME CAPSULE MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

DAVROS:

(EXITING, CALLING) Daleks? My Daleks? It is I, your creator! I have returned to lead you from the wilderness!

BEAT.

(LOOKING AROUND) But... this is not the wilderness I expected!

FX: WRAITHS COALESCE AROUND DAVROS, AS BEFORE.

WRAITH #1:

No... Davros, creator of the Daleks.

WRAITH #2:

This is the planet Lemuria.

DAVROS:

I will not speak with phantoms! Dissipate! Begone!

WRAITH #1:

We know you, Davros, creator of the Daleks.

WRAITH #2:

There is page after page devoted to you, and your descendants, in our Book of All Ills.

WRAITH #1:

Page after page after page after page...

DAVROS:

I have no descendants! Begone!

WRAITH #2:

But what are your Daleks, if not your sons and your daughters?

WRAITH #1:

Grandsons and grand-daughters, and on and on and on...

DAVROS:

I have no business with half-lives such as you. (TURNING BACK TO SHIP) I must depart!

FX: DALEK TIME CAPSULE DEMATERIALISES, LEAVING DAVROS STRANDED.

WRAITH #2:

Depart how – Davros, creator of the Daleks?

DAVROS:

The time capsule, gone!

WRAITH #1:

You are stranded, Davros.

WRAITH #2:

Stranded with us...!

DAVROS:

I have been tricked!

WRAITH #1:

By whom, Davros?

DAVROS:

The Doctor, of course! I sense his interfering hand!

WRAITH #2:

The Time Lord Doctor? Can it be, my brother...?

WRAITH #1:

... that the debt he owes us has been repaid?

WRAITH #2:

Come, brother. Let us haunt this Davros.

WRAITH #1:

Haunt him forever, till the guilt sweats from the pores of his soul!

WRAITHS:

(SHRIEK LIKE BANSHEES, DESCENDING ON DAVROS THROUGH:)

DAVROS:

Begone, foul creatures! Begone, I say! Begone! Begone-!!!

FX: ECHO, THEN CUT ABRUPTLY BACK TO:

71: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:

... I do so hate to be in debt.

FX: DOCTOR ACTIVATES TARDIS MATERIALISATION. TIME ROTOR BEGINS TO MOVE – IN-FLIGHT FX.

WILL:

So, what do we do now?

DOCTOR:

We go back to London, where I will hold myself to account for what happened to Dr Klein. To Elizabeth.

WILL:

It wasn't your fault, Doctor. Not really.

DOCTOR:

(ANGRY) You stupid boy, of course it was my fault!

WILL:

You didn't know. You couldn't have known that Dr Klein was – well, a clone.

DOCTOR:

Clone...?

WILL:

I mean, grown by the Nazis in some tank or other, but it's the same difference, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

It is, yes. (BRIGHTER) Mr Arrowsmith – tell me, are you really a genius, or just a lucky idiot?

FX: DOCTOR PUNCHES BUTTONS. TIME ROTOR GRINDS TO A HALT. DOCTOR BEGINS RESETTING CO-ORDINATES.

WILL:

Oh! Well, I'd like to think I was fairly clever... Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Resetting the TARDIS co-ordinates, of course. – There.

FX: TIME ROTOR GRINDS BACK INTO MOTION.

WILL:

So we're not going back to London?

DOCTOR:

"All clone matter, dissolve and dissipate." That's what she said, back in the Daleks' bunker!

WILL:

I know, I've still got Falkus on my shoes.

DOCTOR:

So ask yourself, Mr Arrowsmith – if the Machine made all clone matter in the Daleks' bunker dissolve and dissipate..

WILL:

... why didn't the same thing happen to Dr Klein?

72: INT. PRISON CELL (1945)

FX: FADE UP. RUSSIAN TROOPS MARCHING IN FORMATION IN DISTANCE. PLANES PASSING OVERHEAD. DISTANT RUMBLE OF EXPLOSIONS AND GUNFIRE.

KLEIN:

(HUMMING SOFTLY TO SELF) "Backe, backe Kuchen,/
Der Bäcker hat gerufen./
Wer will guten Kuchen backen,/
der muss haben sieben Sachen./
[Eier und Schmalz,
Zucker und Salz...]

FX: IN CORRIDOR OUTSIDE, TWO SETS OF BOOTED FOOTSTEPS WALK UP TO DOOR AND STOP. JANGLE OF KEYS. DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

KLEIN:

So. It's time. (WRY) I tell you repeatedly that I'm a British subject, and when finally you come to take me to the firing squad – well, you find me singing a German lullaby. Ironic.

DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED BY SCARF) Isn't it just.

WILL:

(BESIDE) Can't we take these mufflers off?

KLEIN:

I'm sorry? – I don't speak a word of Russian. (BEAT) Aren't you both a little short for stormtroopers, or whatever the Red Army equivalent...?

DOCTOR:

(BECOMING UNMUFFLED AS HE UNWINDS SCARF FROM HIS FACE) What Mr Arrowsmith was asking, I think, was is it safe for us to now remove the scarves masking our faces from the rest of the Sixth Russian Tank Corps?

KLEIN:

Finally. You came back.

DOCTOR:

(ANSWERING OWN QUESTION) ... To which the answer is: seeing as we're in the heart of a military prison on the nearside of the Eastern Front in May 1945... probably not, but it does make conversation easier.

WILL:

Dr Klein. You have no idea how happy I am to – oh, to hell with it, would it be alright if I just gave you a hug?

KLEIN:

I don't think that'd be quite appropriate, Will.

DOCTOR:

Mr Arrowsmith – perhaps you'd keep an eye on the corridor outside...?

WILL:

Gosh, yes, perhaps I'd better. (EXITS)

KLEIN:

... It's over, I take it?

DOCTOR:

All over. I didn't realize, at first, that it was *Fräulein* Volkenrath who returned to Azimuth in the TARDIS. Your – well, not mother, exactly...

KLEIN:

Just someone with whom I share a genetic inheritance.

DOCTOR:

What happened, Elizabeth?

KLEIN:

I ran into her. I held Ralf Klein's Luger to her head, and demanded she tell me everything. But she saw through me, saw I couldn't do it... and pretty soon I was the one on my knees, telling her everything I knew.

DOCTOR:

She wanted to escape.

KLEIN:

The Russians were chasing her, that's why they ended up arresting me instead. I did warn her, of course, that the TARDIS could only take her to Azimuth. I warned her about the Daleks, about you... but she didn't listen.

DOCTOR:

She imagined, like Schalk, that she could control the Machine.

KLEIN:

Is she dead now?

DOCTOR:

Yes.

KLEIN:

Good. (BEAT) Tell me, Umbrella Man – how long did it take you to realise that she wasn't me?

DOCTOR:

You were right, Elizabeth. Too often I've seen in you the shadow of... somebody else. For that, I apologise.

KLEIN:

After these last few weeks... perhaps I, too, will start to see the evil beside us, the Daleks among us, everywhere I look.

WILL:

(COMES CLATTERING BACK IN) I, er, wouldn't want you to worry, but about sixty of the biggest Russian bears you've ever seen are marching up the stairwell. —

FX: SIREN BEGINS TO BLARE IN DISTANCE.

DOCTOR:

Yes, it appears someone's raised the alarm.

FX: FEROCIOUS DOGS BARKING IN GROUNDS BELOW.

WILL:

Are those dogs outside? Only they look sort of wolf-y to me.

KLEIN:

I think we'd better get back to the TARDIS, don't you?

DOCTOR:

An excellent idea!

WILL:

... If only it weren't buried beneath a ruined bierkeller, seventy-six kilometres to the West.

KLEIN:

You're telling me that we're trapped behind enemy lines, in five-storey tower on top of some former Schloss turned military prison, being hunted down by half the Red Army and a pack of hungry wolfhounds? What sort of a rescue mission is this, exactly?

WILL:

She has a point, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Rescue mission? Oh, I wouldn't call it a rescue mission. — No, I'd call it an adventure.

CRASH INTO: CLOSING THEME.

THE END